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ACROSS THE RIVER.

HERE we sat beside the river
 Long ago, my love and I,
 Where the willows droop and quiver
 'Twixt the water and the sky.
 We were wrapped in fragrant shadow,
 'Twas the quiet vesper time,
 And the bells across the meadows
 Mingled with the ripple's chime.
 With no thought of ill betiding,
 "Thus," we said, "life's years shall be
 For us twain a river gliding
 To a calm, eternal sea."

I am sitting by the river
 Where we used to sit of old,
 And the willows droop and quiver
 'Gainst a sky of burning gold;
 But my love long since went onward,
 Down the river's shining tide,
 To the land that is far sunward,
 With the angels to abide;
 And in pastures fair and vernal,
 In the coming by and by,
 Far across the sea eternal
 We shall meet—my love and I.
 Argosy. HELEN M. BURNSIDE.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white
 as snow; though they be red like crimson, they
 shall be as wool." — ISAIAH i. 18.

LORD, though his sins were scarlet,
 And he went far astray,
 These long years have I prayed thee
 Show him the narrow way.

Though with the swine he feasted,
 O! bring him back to thee;
 My youngest born, O! save him,
 Wherever he may be.

The only prayer now left me
 Is, Lord, that thou wouldst turn
 His heart to thee in sorrow,
 Thus, Lord, that he might learn;

Though sin may not come nigh thee,
 The sinner may find grace;
 If he repents him truly,
 Thou wilt not hide thy face.

For years, Lord, has he wander'd,
 Let him arise and say,
 "Against thee have I sinned,
 No longer here I stay;

"I will return unto thee,
 And at thy feet will pray,
 That, like the prodigal of old,
 I be not turned away."

It may be, Lord, that never
 He will come home to me;
 I dare not pray for that, Lord,
 While he is far from thee.

Yet, Lord, all things are possible,
 And mighty is thy grace;
 It may be the day cometh
 That I shall see his face.

The face of him who left me,
 My youngest born, my pride;
 There came a day I deem'd it
 Far better he had died.

But now my prayer is only,
 O Lord, thy will be done;
 It may be in thy mercy
 Thou wilt bring home my son.

Academy.

F. P.

WHY WE LOVE A MAN-OF-WAR.

WITH COMPLIMENTS TO J. S. MOLLOY AND
 W. CLARK RUSSELL.

FOR the innermost English heart of her,
 Tough oak of a thousand rings —
 To be but an inch's part of her
 Were better than swiftest wings!
 And so says the seaman who sings,
 And bears in his breast a chart of her —
 Hurrah! for the English heart of her,
 While the canvas fills and swings!

For the order sweet aboard of her,
 And crew of united mind,
 With mutiny, mob, ignored of her,
 With men that are quick and kind;
 And so says the mate — when he's dined,
 A sailor staunch, and adored of her —
 Hurrah! for the order aboard of her,
 While the billows grow with the wind!

For the magical stately pace of her,
 Skimming the sapphire seas;
 For the distant pencilled trace of her,
 Blown by the strong salt breeze,
 And English of all degrees
 Love the beautiful broad trim space of her —
 Hurrah! for the magical pace of her,
 While land-lubbers hug the leas!

For the open and clean-swept decks of her,
 The brasses sparkling and bright —
 These be times of peace — who reckes of her
 Marking the foe in sight?
 But her captain says, that, "to fight,
 She's ready" — the splendid sex of her!
 Hurrah! for the dazzling decks of her,
 While the flying foam follows white!

For the grand old flag at the head of her,
 The flag of battle and song;
 The flag that was ever the dread of her
 Enemies proud and strong.
 Though trials and tempters throng,
 May it always be sung and said of her,
 Hurrah! for the flag at the head of her,
 The flag we have floated long!

Temple Bar.

S. FRANCES HARRISON.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE NEW PAPYRI.*

THE present century has been rich in important additions to our store of classical knowledge. In 1816 Niebuhr found a palimpsest in the Library of the Chapter at Verona containing a copy of the Epistles of St. Jerome; under this writing he deciphered the text of the Institutes of Gaius, and thus immensely enhanced the value of what is perhaps Rome's greatest bequest to us, her system of jurisprudence and law. Shortly afterwards, the discovery of a great part of Cicero's treatise "De Republica," by Cardinal Mai, in a Vatican palimpsest, supplied a further proof of the matchless powers of the great Roman orator in every department of literary achievement, and contributed not a few choice blossoms to a future *florilegium* of the wit and wisdom of Cicero. Hardly had this precious piece of flotsam from the sea of time received the last polish from the hands of scholarship, before the four now famous orations of Hyperides, existing piecemeal in papyri, purchased by Mr. Harris Warden and Mr. Stobart at Thebes in Egypt about 1850, created for us a new figure in literature. Hyperides had hitherto been but a name in lists and lexicons, like those of Harpocration and Pollux, ever since the loss or destruction in the capture of Buda Pesth by the Turks of the codex of Hyperides, which had been the ornament of the library of the king of Hungary. Quite recently large additions to his remains have been made by the papyri of the Archduke Rainer. This acquisition was soon succeeded by one which was in some respects even more interesting, the papyrus fragment of three pages containing a portion of Alcman's marvellous old hymn to the Dioscuri, with its strange laconisms, and its curious companion pictures of Agido and Hagesichora. It was found by M. Marietti in 1855 in a tomb near the second pyramid; it is quite unique among Greek poems in its tone

and style, and affords a new and amazing proof of the myriad-minded versatility of ancient Hellas.*

A century rich in real literary gains is naturally also fertile of forgeries, and some of these have had a temporary success. As Ireland's fictitious plays of Shakespeare imposed on Garrick, who actually put "Shakespeare's Vortigern" on the stage, so the sham-antique ballads of Surtees took in even the great master of ballad lore and maker of ballad poetry, the inimitable Sir Walter Scott himself — a fact which can only be put beside Scaliger's belief in the genuineness of two comic Latin fragments of great alleged antiquity, submitted to him by Muretus, who himself had written them. Ever since Onomacritus wrote the poems of Orpheus, the literary forger has been from time to time at work; but in recent ages he has not been so successful as those artists whom some suppose to have fabricated the Homeric poems under Pericles. The Rowley MSS. of Chatterton and the Ossian of Macpherson, though they had many enthusiastic believers in their authenticity, had however only a temporary triumph; and quite recently the Greek Simonides and the Jew Shapira have failed egregiously in their attempts to impose their sham antiques on the learned world. We shall again have occasion to refer briefly to the Shapira MSS., to point out the characteristic notes of disingenuousness which marked the manner in which they were presented to the public, and to put before our readers, by way of contrast, the history, so far as we know it, of the leaves which contain the "Constitution of Athens," and which certainly are not a modern forgery. We may here remark that the tendency of modern literary criticism is towards undue scepticism about the monuments of antiquity which we possess, rather than too great readiness to accept fabricated imitations of them as genuine. The Germans are leaving no nook in Helicon unrifed in their wild chase of the "Unecht." The method of Wolf's Prolegomena has fascinated his countrymen. Kirchhoff has dissected the

* 1. *Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens*. Edited by F. G. Kenyon, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London, 1891.

2. *Hermathena: A Series of Papers on Literature, Science, and Philosophy*. No. XVII. Dublin, 1891.

* It is printed in the fourth edition of Bergk's "Poetæ Lyrici Græci," vol. iii., pp. 30-45.

Odyssey, as Wolf the Iliad, and Fick has rewritten it in its "original Æolic." It has been attempted to show that the "De Corona" is an awkward fusion of two different speeches written on two different occasions, and on two incompatible plans. Thucydides, Plato, and Xenophon have been treated in the same way — unskilful patchwork all. Quite recently a book was written to show that the "Annals" of Tacitus were by Poggio Bracciolini, and indeed we are approaching the paradox of Hardouin, who maintained that all the classics except a very few* were written by a committee of scholars under Severus Archontius in the thirteenth century.

The scholar's dream of literary treasure-trove used to carry him to the palaces of Turkey, the monasteries of Macedonia, or the temples of Asia Minor; but of late Africa has been asserting her claim to her old reputation of being the constant source of surprises. Egyptian papyri have been the vehicle of most of our recent acquisitions, and bid fair to yield a further and still more abundant harvest. Mr. Flinders Petrie has recently exhumed a great pile of mummy-cases at Gurob in the Fayoum. These contain quantities of waste paper stuffed into the interstices between the thin planks or strips of wood which form the walls of the cases, apparently for the purpose of giving to them a greater appearance of solidity, and of enabling the carpenter to economize his timber. Among these bundles of waste paper have been lying for centuries parts of old MSS. of Plato's "Phædo" and of the "Antiope" of Euripides. Professor Mahaffy has succeeded in eliciting from these papyri some new fragments of a play very celebrated in antiquity. He has published them in the Dublin "Hermathena," and promises full details in the forthcoming transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. The preliminary labors of deciphering, involving, no doubt, frequent appeals to the art of emendation, have been skilfully performed by Professor Mahaffy and Mr. Sayce, and have been supplemented by the critical sagacity

of Mr. Bury, who has made many excellent corrections in the text. The fragment which probably came first in the play contains a speech in which one of the sons of Antiope encourages his mother, and bids her not to fear the approach of her uncle, the tyrant Lycus: "Surely," he urges, "if Zeus is your father, as you say, he will deliver us in the hour of peril; the time for escape is past, the fresh blood of Dirce (wife of Lycus, whom they had slain) will convict us of her murder; we must do or die; we must slay the tyrant." The leaf ends with the entrance of Lycus on the stage, but his speech is quite fragmentary. The only other portion of the MS. which is continuously legible presents to us Lycus a captive in the hands of his sons, and about to be slain by them, when Hermes appears as "Deus ex machinâ," and forbids the death of Lycus, whom he commands to hand over the sceptre to Amphion. This, as we know from the argument given by Hyginus, was the concluding scene of the play, and there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Flinders Petrie has become possessed of some new and genuine portions of a lost play of Euripides, which the affected phrase of Persius,

Antiope ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta,
would alone show to have been most pathetic, and to have been admired as such by the ancient world. But the newly acquired portions of the play have very little interest except of an antiquarian kind, and contrast badly with the fragments of the "Antiope" already known and published. Naturally, too; for nearly all the latter have owed their preservation either to the thought they conveyed, or the beauty of the language in which it was expressed, and have come down to us from Plato or Stobæus; whereas the recently found verses are indebted for their survival to the merest chance, and do not happen to contain any of the characteristic excellences of the poetry of Euripides, hardly indeed a thought or expression which deserved to survive. We would give all the speeches of a "Deus ex machinâ" in Euripides for that one so Euripidean half-line which the taste of Stobæus has preserved for us from this very play, —

κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς ἀγνωσία,

* We believe the exceptions were Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Pliny, Virgil (Georgics), Horace (Satires and Epistles).

a pregnant anticipation of Gray's touching couplet, now one of our household words,

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Professor Mahaffy, perhaps feeling this, rests on its great antiquity the claim of the MS. on our attention:—

The papers found along with these remains of Euripides' famous play are dated in the early years of Ptolemy III., viz., before 230 B.C. As we have found no dates later than this reign in any of the cases, it is extremely improbable that the present literary fragments can be more recent; nay rather, the natural inference that a play of Euripides would take longer than ephemeral documents would to turn into waste paper is strongly corroborated by the character of the writing. From a palæographical point of view the hand is very old, possibly generations older than the company in which it was found.

But we cannot share the confidence with which the professor claims such an enormous antiquity for the codex. At least we cannot admit the cogency of the reasoning by which he seeks to establish his opinion. The papers found in the mummy-cases along with the Euripidean fragments are very numerous, and are all of the same kind,—wills, agreements, receipts, leases, copies of statutes, and decrees referring to rating and taxation; in a word, documents dealing with property and business transactions. Mr. Sayce has given specimens of them in the same number of "Hermathena." Now it seems to us that nothing is more likely than that these documents once formed the contents of some Registry of Deeds, which at last got rid of the portions of its stock which had become useless, by selling them as waste paper, or perhaps by throwing them away. Such documents as these are precisely those which retain longest a right to be preserved. We are far from admitting that the natural inference is that a play of Euripides would take longer than these papers, which Professor Mahaffy strangely calls ephemeral, to turn into waste paper. On the contrary, we think that many years, perhaps hundreds of years, might elapse before the officials of a public Registry of Deeds would hold the instruments deposited with them to be so worthless as

to justify them in throwing them away. They may have lain in the Registry for hundreds of years after they were deposited there, and then at last have become waste paper. Then it was that the old wills and deeds became mixed with the rubbish of a far later age, and helped a mutilated copy of the "Antiope" and of some dialogues of Plato to impart an appearance of solidity to a jerry-mandered coffin. These fragments must of course be very old, but they are not necessarily older than, for instance, the treatise on the "Constitution of Athens;" at least the arguments in support of the great antiquity which Professor Mahaffy claims for them must be drawn from the character of the handwriting alone.

But even if the Petrie papyri had all the antiquity claimed for them, and a great deal more interesting contents, they would still have been completely eclipsed by the extraordinary "find" of the British Museum. Whether the treatise on the "Athenian Constitution" is by Aristotle or not, is perhaps to scholars the most important question connected with it, and will afterwards be considered carefully; but even if we put the questions of age and authorship aside, the discovery is full of interest and importance. It is a singular, and even unique incident, that some unknown scholar living in Egypt in the time of Vespasian should have copied, or employed persons to copy, on the back of a farm bailiff's accounts, the remains of what he believed to be the treatise of Aristotle so often quoted and so widely celebrated, and that that MS. should have escaped all notice until towards the end of the nineteenth century it came into the hands of the authorities of the British Museum, and was by them deciphered, printed, and published. These authorities have not thought it wise to give us any information as to the person or persons from whom the MS. has been obtained, or the place where it has been preserved. We believe, however, that their reticence is a good sign, and that it arises from a conviction on their part that the same source is likely to yield more treasures, and a desire not to attract rival bidders or

encourage dishonest manufacture. For all we know they have been obliged to be a little lax in their interpretation of certain Khedival laws, and have felt themselves constrained to give ear to the crafty counsel of Ulysses to Neoptolemus, and to lend themselves to frowardness for a brief space, with an intention of ultimately becoming the most upright of mortals. However this may be, we are certainly disposed to act on the old leonine precept, "Si quis det mannos, ne quæras dentibus annos;" we will not look a gift horse in the mouth, nor ask whence it came; nor will we make much lament over certain errors in the editing hereinafter to be pointed out. We will at once express our hearty sense of gratitude to the authorities of the British Museum for their splendid gift to the world of learning, and our admiration for the patience and skill which enabled them to decipher a MS. of extraordinary difficulty. Commendation, moreover, is due to the insight of the editor, Mr. Kenyon, into historical questions, and to his lucid exposition of the evidence in each case. The faults which we find in his editing will be noticed afterwards, but he has shown himself capable of ably handling questions connected with history and archæology.

That the treatise is not a modern forgery is, as we have said, certain. All the notes of modern forgery are absent. An artist who had the skill to execute such a MS. would have hawked his wares all over the Continent, to find out where he could get the highest price, and would have made the learned world ring with his name. Shapira carried his forged text of Deuteronomy to Beyrout, to Leipsic, all over the Continent, and finally to Berlin, before he approached the British Museum. He told in detail the way in which he became possessed of his MS., how a sheikh had informed him that some Arabs had little pieces of black writing which they believed to be amulets, and how he had by a lucky chance secured a small residue of them. Above all, he demanded for his invaluable MS. the sum of one million sterling. And with all his craft he did not impose on the *savants* of the British Museum. It is true that their verdict was forestalled by the ingenious Frenchman, M. Clermont-Ganneau, who had proved the fictitious character of the codex before Dr. Ginsburg made his report. But there is no reason to doubt that they would have detected Shapira's forgery without the help of M. Clermont-Ganneau, though the French press of the time showed a disposition to

crow over us as if we had only followed the lead of their countryman, and over the Germans for having spent some years before eighteen thousand thalers on the purchase from the same Shapira of some Moabite pottery which the same *savant*, M. Clermont-Ganneau, demonstrated to be spurious.

The text of the "Constitution of Athens" is written on the *verso* of the papyrus; that is, on the reverse side, on which the fibres of the papyrus run perpendicularly. On the *recto* are the accounts of a farm bailiff, of which a specimen is given in the facsimile, and they bear date of the eleventh year of Vespasian, that is, 78-79 A.D. As these are private accounts they would probably have perished within twenty years at most, but for the chance which made our unknown benefactor use their reverse side for the reception of what he believed to be the famous tract of Aristotle.

The writing on the *verso* has marked points of similarity to that on the *recto*, and we may safely ascribe the MS. to the end of the first century A.D. or the beginning of the second. Almost every one of the existing fragments quoted by Greek writers of the early Christian centuries as coming from "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens," or presumably belonging to such a work are either found in our MS., or are to be referred to the lost portions of it, for the beginning has not come down to us, and the end is much mutilated. The owner of the MS. was not in possession of the beginning of the tract, and left a blank space for it in his copy, in hopes that some lucky chance might supply it. Four scribes were employed. The first, third, and fourth hands are semi-cursive, and very difficult to decipher; the second, which goes from the thirteenth column to the middle of the twentieth, is uncial, and is not quite so obscure.

The work falls into two divisions. In the first, which runs to the end of c. 41, our author gives a rapid survey of Athenian constitutional history from the mythical establishment of Ion down to the restoration of the democracy in the arconship of Euclides, after the overthrow of the Thirty Tyrants. The second gives a list of the various magistrates of Athens and their duties. Much of the second section is lost; but as the later grammarians, especially Pollux and Harpocration, used it very largely, our knowledge of its contents is already considerable. The surviving portion of the work opens at the conclusion of the narrative of the conspiracy of

Cylon, and the purification of the city by Epimenides of Crete. It plunges us at once into a historical discussion, by making the attempt of Cylon prior to the legislation of Draco, while Plutarch brings Cylon and Epimenides into the epoch of Solon. Mr. Kenyon, in an excellent note, gives reasons for preferring the new chronology, but fails to draw the natural conclusion (which we shall afterwards examine) that this was not the edition of the "Constitution of Athens" which Plutarch read.

The development of the constitutional history is then pursued. According to our author, the people were in a state of slavery up to the time of Solon, and it was economic not political grievances that both Draco and he were called upon to redress. The pressure of debt had reduced the poorer classes to a state of serfdom. Before Draco the offices were elective, and were retained for life. The account of the origin of the archons is quite new. The office of polemarch existed under the kings; the archon came into existence under the Medontid dynasty, and was inferior in position both to the king and the polemarch. The monarchy was, in fact, delegated to a Board of Three, and the name king was for a long time the title of one of them, probably until the decennial tenure of the office was introduced. After that epoch the term was only retained for a sacrificial function, and the magistrate bearing it took rank below the archon. Up to the time of Solon the archons had only one court; but when their number was raised to nine, the archon, the king, and the polemarch had each a separate court, while the six *Thesmothetæ* together occupied another.*

The Areopagus is here said to have existed before Draco, though the account of the Solonian constitution in the "Politics" of Aristotle (ii. 12) seems to imply that it was an institution of Solon, a view which Plutarch combats in his "Solon" (c. 10), without, however, appealing to the "Constitution of Athens" in support of his opinion, as he certainly would have done, if he had had our treatise before him. It was very powerful, being recruited from ex-archons, and exercising control over all the officers of the State. Draco was not merely a jurist, as has been hitherto supposed, but a political reformer — a state-

ment strongly opposed to a passage in the "Politics" (ii. 12) which speaks of him as solely a codifier. He gave a share in the government to all who could afford to provide themselves with a military equipment, and required for each of the offices a different property qualification proportionate to its importance. Both the property qualification and the Council of Four Hundred, institutions usually ascribed to Solon, are here treated as belonging to the period of Draco; the Draconian Council consisting of four hundred and one members chosen by lot from the whole body of the citizens. From the Strategi and Hipparchi was required much the largest property qualification, one hundred minæ against ten demanded from the archons, and these military officers could only be chosen from such as had legitimate children over ten years of age. These children were, apparently, handed over to the Prytanes to be kept as hostages for their father's good conduct during office. On its expiry the same Prytanes took the officers themselves under their charge until their accounts should be passed, unless they could find bondsmen to take their place.* No one was allowed to hold any office a second time until every qualified person had sat once, a rule which greatly modifies the apparent irrationality of election by lot, which, with this proviso, really only determines the order in which the qualified persons shall hold office. Thus the people were admitted to a greatly increased share of power by Draco, but their condition was still miserable. Political reforms do not redress economic grievances. The comment with which the reforms of Draco are dismissed is significant, "but their bodies were pledged for their debts, and the land was in the hands of a coterie."

Hence a revolution, which ended in an appeal to Solon as arbitrator. He had already made himself eminent by his patriotic poems, in which he appealed to the classes to give up their oppression of the masses, and to the latter to refrain from violence. We find in Solon no tendency to encourage or palliate breach of the law by the masses, with a view to justify the invasion of the rights of the classes. Athens had already wrested back Salamis from the Megarians, stung by the trenchant elegiacs in which Solon wished he

* The court of the king was in the *Βουκόλιον*. Hence Dr. Sandys has ingeniously proposed to emend a corrupt passage in Athenæus, p. 235, where *ἐκ τῆς βουκολίας* has been wrongly corrected to *ἐκ τῆς βουκολίας*, and absurdly translated *abique dolo*.

* According to the ingenious suggestion of Mr. W. R. Paton, we read: *τούτους δὲ διατηρεῖν τοὺς πρυτάνεις, καὶ τοὺς στρατηγούς καὶ τοὺς ὑπάρχους τοὺς ἔνοους μέχρι εὐθυγῶν, μὴ ἐγγυητὰς δ' ἐκ τοῦ αὐτοῦ τέλους δεχομένους κ.τ.λ.*

were a citizen of any state, however humble or insignificant, so that he might not hear the galling taunt that now dogged the name Athenian, —

One of the Athenians this
Who surrendered Salamis! *

He adopted the popular vehicle of elegiac, iambic, and trochaic verse to recommend his opinions to his countrymen at large, much as modern politicians publish signed articles in the monthly magazines, but apparently with greater success. The present treatise preserves for us some twenty new verses to be added to those collected in Bergk's "*Poetæ Lyrici Græci*." Solon at once addressed himself to the relief of the economic distress which prevailed, by legalizing the repudiation of all debts, a measure which he (euphemistically, says Plutarch) called the "Disburthenment." Some of his friends, catching some inkling of his intention, borrowed largely, and invested the borrowed money in land. "This," says the writer, "gave rise to an attempt to blacken his character by representing that he had profited personally by the Disburthenment; but he was in other transactions so fair, that, though by tampering with the laws he could easily have made himself tyrant, he faced the animosity of both parties, and preferred the public good to his private aggrandizement; so it is not likely that for a mere trifle he would soil his fair name."

We have, however, no mention of Plutarch's allegation that he was a loser by his own measure to the extent of five talents. The "Disburthenment" was followed by the repeal of all Draco's laws except those relating to murder; but among *θεσμοὶ* our author cannot include political institutions such as the Council and the property qualification, for these certainly existed under Solon, and indeed are commonly supposed to have originated with him. Probably Solon altered the relation of these institutions to the rest of the constitution. Perhaps now for the first time the division into classes resting on a property qualification was brought into direct connection with the franchise and eligibility to office. On this matter not only Plutarch but Harpocration appears to have used a redaction of the "Constitution of Athens" different from that before us, for they both distinctly ascribe the origin of these institutions to Solon. Aristotle in the "*Politics*" (ii. 12) tells us that Solon "gave the people the irreducible minimum of political power, namely,

the election of the magistrates and the right to call them to account on the expiry of their office." It is proposed to elicit the same sentiment from the words of our treatise, "he gave the lowest class, the Thetes, a share in the dicasteries only,"* but to us it seems impossible to ascribe such a sense to the words used. Again, the appointment of archons under Solon is here described as a combined process of election and sortition, the four tribes electing ten persons each, and nine being chosen by lot from the forty thus elected; now Aristotle says that Solon made no change in the election of magistrates. In primitive times, this tract tells us, the archons were elected by the Areopagus. We have just referred to the passage in which Aristotle speaks of the right of electing the magistrates and of calling them to account as the minimum of political influence, and says that these powers were conferred on the people by Solon; here the writer summarizes the democratic features in the Solonian constitution as (1) the prohibition of lending money on the security of the person; (2) the right of access to the law courts; (3) the right of appeal to the dicastery against the decisions of magistrates; and Mr. Kenyon endeavors to reconcile the doctrine of Aristotle and the writer of the treatise. But, though it be granted that the right of election is here omitted, because as a matter of fact under Draco the election of magistrates was in the hands of all who could furnish a military equipment, yet it is impossible to believe with the editor that the calling of magistrates to account (*τὸ εὐθύνειν*) is expressed or even implied in the words *ἡ εἰς τὸ δικαστήριον ἔφεσις*. In our opinion the two summaries are in no point coincident, and the dicasteries are here distinctly regarded as a court of appeal in the time of Solon. Our treatise confirms the opinion of Boeckh against that of Grote, that Solon reformed the system of weights and measures; the reform of the currency standard had the purely commercial aim of facilitating business transactions with the cities of Eubœa and Ionia, which used the Euboic standard.

Solon having so far succeeded in the furtherance of his political views, thought it prudent to retire from public life, and left Athens for ten years' foreign travel. Meantime the feud between the factions of the plain, the shore, and the mountain, burned or smouldered at Athens. These

* Ἀττικὸς οὗτος ἀνὴρ τῶν Σαλαμινιαστῶν.

* τοῖς δὲ τὸ θητικὸν τελούσιν ἐκκλησίας καὶ δικαστήριον μετέδωκε μόνον (c. 7).

local distinctions corresponded to a difference of classes, and hence became a basis for political divisions. The rich landlords of the plain were the old aristocracy, the shore was occupied by the well-to-do commercial classes, and the rough uplands were the home of the poor farmers. An attempt made by Damasias to grasp the tyranny in the year 581 failed, and led to the appointment of a Directory of Ten, — five Eupatridæ, three Geomori, and two Demiurgi, — which does not seem to have outlasted the year in which it was created. In Damasias (hitherto a mere name) we have a new notable added to Athenian history; the same may be said of Cedo and Rhino, of whom we afterwards read, and the tract somewhat brightens our picture of the Athenian Archinus and the Spartan Callibius.

The next twenty years were marked by incessant party warfare. The immediate results of the Solonian legislation are justly estimated by Mr. Kenyon in a note on c. 13: —

The reforms of Solon were very far from producing a peaceful settlement of affairs. Except for the four years immediately after his term of office, there was almost perpetual dissension until the establishment of the tyranny of Pisistratus; and that in time led immediately to the reforms of Cleisthenes. In fact, the Solonian Constitution, though rightly regarded as the foundation of the democracy of Athens, was not itself in satisfactory operation for more than a very few years. In this respect it may be compared with the constitutional crisis of the Great Rebellion in England. The principles for which the Parliament fought the king were not brought into actual practice until after a return to Stuart rule and a fresh revolution; and yet the struggle of the earlier years of the Long Parliament, and the principles of Eliot and Pym are rightly held to be the foundation of the modern British Constitution.

The account of the establishment of Pisistratus in the Tyrannis is beset by serious difficulties. He is said to have owed his prominence to a campaign against Megara in which he took Nisæa. But if this was the war against Megara undertaken under the auspices of Solon, then the eminence of Pisistratus among Athenians was based on a victory achieved nearly forty years before, when he was a youth of eighteen, and he must have been fifty-eight years of age when he founded his dynasty. We must, therefore, assume that there must have been another campaign against Megara some thirty-five years later than the Solonian, though no account of it has survived elsewhere. But

this is not the only difficulty. We read here (c. 14) that the periods, during which Pisistratus lived in exile, added together, make twenty-one years, which would leave only twelve for the actual enjoyment of power, for the two extreme dates 560 and 527 are certain, so that we know that thirty-three years intervened between his first accession to power and his death. Now we read in c. 17 that he ruled for nineteen years, and was in exile during the rest of the thirty-three years, and in the "Politics" (v. 12) that he was in actual possession of the Tyrannis for seventeen years. The account of his first restoration from exile adds nothing to that of Herodotus, except that Phya, whom he dressed up to represent Athena, was a flower-girl; but we have fuller details of his second exile and of his sojourn in the neighborhood of Mount Pangæus, where he acquired wealth sufficient to raise an army, and to bring about his restoration. The story of the stratagem by which he deprived the people of their arms is amusing.* Pisistratus summoned a meeting of the people under arms in the Temple of the Dioscuri, and began to address them. He spoke low on purpose; and when the people complained that they could not hear, he invited them to follow him to the porch of the Acropolis, where they could hear better. They did so, and, while he harangued them, his emissaries carried off their arms, which they had left behind them, stacked according to custom. When he had intelligence that his orders had been carried out, he told the people what he had done, adding that they ought not to feel any surprise or annoyance; "their business was to attend to their private affairs, and he would look after matters of state." His policy was to keep the people busy, and not too well off. He imposed a tax of ten per cent. on the produce of the land, about which an entertaining anecdote is related. One day, when Pisistratus was on one of those tours of inspection which he used to make through the country, he saw an old man digging hard in a very rocky soil. He stopped, and asked the old man what did his farm

* Polyænus tells the same tale; but his narrative does not dispose us to think that he had read our tract. A somewhat similar tale is told of Hippas by Thucydides, vi. 58. Our author (c. 18) expressly denies the truth of the Thucydidean account of the assassination of Hipparchus, and especially of the stratagem by which Hippas is said to have disarmed the people and discovered the conspirators. The whole narrative of Thucydides falls to the ground, if it is true that the practice of carrying arms at the Panathenæa belongs to a later age, as the treatise avers. It further states that the conspirators were numerous, Thucydides having expressly referred to the smallness of their number.

produce. "Nothing," he replied, "except every variety of worry and ache, and of those I owe a tenth to Pisistratus." The tyrant was so pleased at the industry and the independence of the old farmer, that he conferred on him a complete exemption from all taxes. It was this geniality of disposition, reminding us of Abraham Lincoln, which in spite of the Athenian detestation of the very name of tyrant, made Pisistratus popular, and gave to the period of his rule the name of the Golden Age, or the Good Old Time.* We learn that, besides his sons by his first wife, Hippias and Hipparchus, he had two sons, Iophon and Hegesistratus, surnamed Thessalus, by a second wife, Timonassa of Argos. Hegesistratus is mentioned by Herodotus, and Thessalus by Thucydides, but our author is the first authority for the fact that the two are one and the same individual. Further, he corrects the statement of Herodotus that Timonassa was the concubine of Pisistratus; his alliance with her is said to have brought about the treaty with Argos, and cannot therefore have been an illicit connection.

The history of the Pisistratidæ presents some new features. Hippias is described as serious, while Hipparchus was devoted to pleasure and art, and filled his court with poets, Anacreon and Simonides among the rest. It was Thessalus, however, not Hipparchus, who by his folly and licentiousness brought about the exploit of Harmodius and Aristogiton. He it was (not Hipparchus, as Thucydides tells us) who insulted the sister of Harmodius, and drew on the Pisistratidæ the furious hatred of the people; such is the plain meaning of our text, unless we assume that there is a most unusual and unaccountable parenthesis. The conspirators succeeded only in killing Hipparchus, not Thessalus, which accounts for the phrase, "they muddled the whole matter."† Harmodius was at once cut down by the bodyguards, but Aristogiton was subjected to prolonged torture, under which he implicated in the plot, truly or falsely, many of the intimate friends of the tyrants. The description of his death is graphic:—

He could not get them to put him out of his agony, so, promising to disclose many new names, he called on Hippias to give him his hand as a token of good faith. When he got hold of the tyrant's hand, he began to taunt him for his unnatural conduct in shaking

hands with his brother's murderer, and finally lashed Hippias into such a fury that he could no longer contain himself, but drew his sword and slew him.

The hatred in which the rule of Hippias was held found expression in a fine *scolion*, beginning—

αἰαὶ Λιψύδριον προδωσέταρον,

in which an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the Alcmaeonidæ to establish a garrison against Hippias at Lipsydrium is glorified as an act of the highest heroism:

Woe worth Lipsydrium, the faithless hold

That saved not from defeat those champions true:

Bold sons of Athens, sprung from sires as bold,*

They proved the aspiring blood from which their life they drew!

Before this there had been another brilliant failure to dislodge Hippias. It is associated with the name of the otherwise unknown Cedo, who must have won a high place in the estimation of Athens, as his fame too is embalmed in a *scolion* or drinking-song:—

Here's Cedo's memory: may it never fade,

As long as to the brave our festal dues are paid.

When Hippias was finally expelled by the help of Sparta in 510, the democracy was re-established. The Alcmaeonidæ had always held an intermediate policy, that of the shore or the moderate oligarchs, between the extreme aristocracy of the plain under Lycurgus, and the democracy of the mountain with which Pisistratus had thrown in his lot. The Alcmaeonid Clisthenes now resolved to make a bid for the support of the democracy, and succeeded in securing a position from which the abortive *émence* of Cleomenes and Isagoras was able to dislodge him only for a very brief space. The legislation of Clisthenes is referred to the year 508, and is made subsequent to the attempt of Isagoras and Cleomenes. Clisthenes broke up the old tribal divisions, and raised the number of the tribes to ten (and consequently that of the Council to five hundred), purposely choosing a number which was not a multiple of four, so that the new tribes might not be based on subdivisions of the old. By his deme-system he abolished the local factions, but we learn nothing new about his constitution except that he did not create the office of strategus,

* ὁ ἐπὶ Κρόνου βίος (c. 16).

† τὴν ὅλην ἐλευμάναντο πρᾶξι (c. 18).

* In the third line were read, ἀγαθοὺς τε καὶ εὐπατριδᾶν. Some slight change is requisite for the metre.

which was as old as the period of Draco, and that under him the archons were directly elected by the people in the Ecclesia. He is not in any way connected with any modification of the dicasteries.

We find the name of Xanthippus among the Athenian statesmen who suffered ostracism; and while this subject is under treatment, the name of Themistocles is suddenly introduced in connection with his proposal to apply to the building of a fleet the money available from the newly discovered mines at Laurium, or Maroneia, as they are here called from the name of a town in the neighborhood. We read here of a law that an ostracized person must not live between the promontories of Scyllæum in Argolis and Geræstus in Eubœa. The text gives *ἐντὸς Γεραίστου καὶ Σκυλλαίου κατοικεῖν*, but we must read *ἐκτὸς* or *μὴ ἐντὸς*, for Themistocles when under ostracism lived in Argos, which is west of Scyllæum, and Hyperbolus in Samos, which is east of Geræstus. This would have been contrary to law as described by Mr. Kenyon's reading which indeed would have permitted an ostracized person to live in Athens.

We read that at a critical moment just before Salamis the Areopagus had come forward with a donation of money, which procured crews to man the fleet which saved Greece. Thus Athens was raised to a commanding position in Greece, and the Areopagus in Athens. The leading statesmen there were Aristides and Themistocles, to the former of whom our author attributes the greater importance. Alcibiades is not mentioned at all, and Pericles receives merely a passing notice. But we read much of Themistocles, of whose tortuous character and policy instances are given which are, perhaps, more striking than any of those already familiar to us in Thucydides, Herodotus, and Plutarch. He is closely associated with Ephialtes in the movements which led to the downfall of the Areopagus, which, according to the writer of the "Constitution of Athens," must be referred to some time in the year 462, and in which he assigns no part whatever to Pericles, though afterwards (c. 27) he speaks of him as having deprived that court of some of its privileges. But the chronology of this part of the treatise, which would make the date of the Periclean pre-eminence later than has been hitherto supposed, cannot be reconciled with that of Thucydides. Themistocles' flight took place during the investment of Naxos, which was reduced before the victory of Cimon at the

Eurymedon, and accordingly the attack on the Areopagus must have been at least three years earlier, unless we are to remodel the chronology of Thucydides completely. The story, however, which is quite new (though it was evidently known to the writer of the argument to the "Areopagitica" of Isocrates,* who quotes "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens"), runs thus: "Themistocles labored under a charge of Medism which the Areopagus was investigating. He saw that his only chance lay in the destruction of that court, and he determined to force the hand of Ephialtes, whom he knew to be eager for a revolution. Accordingly he denounced Ephialtes before the Areopagus, of which he was himself a member, and then warned Ephialtes that he was about to be arrested. Failing to convince him of the truth of his warning, and knowing well that the Areopagus was not prepared for so decided a step as his arrest, Themistocles resorted to a *ruse*. He managed to engage some members of the court in conversation in the vicinity of the house of Ephialtes, and assumed an earnestness of demeanor which quite convinced the latter that he was indeed in imminent peril. Ephialtes fled for refuge to the altar, but, finding himself unmolested, he seems to have thought that his enemies were drawing back for a spring. Accordingly he concentrated all his efforts on the arraignment of the Areopagus before the Council of Five Hundred and the Ecclesia, and, aided by Themistocles, he finally succeeded. The characteristic craftiness, whereby Themistocles managed to keep up appearances with both sides until the moment came when he saw he could strike a decisive blow, is quite in accordance with his character as drawn by Plutarch, and we cannot believe that that most anecdotal of biographers would have omitted so apt a narrative if he had known it. Yet, as we have seen, there is good evidence that there was an edition of "Aristotle on the Athenian Constitution" which related that anecdote, probably an edition different both from Plutarch's and from that which has recently come into our own hands.

Cimon and Pericles are dealt with very hastily. The latter is said to have instituted paid dicasteries. His fortune did not permit him to rival the private munificence of Cimon, so he determined to be

* Yet some of his words appear to imply a slightly different version of the story; for instance, he refers Themistocles' action to his pecuniary embarrassment, not to the charge of Medism.

lavish at the public expense, and to expend the public money on the dicasteries — a most unsympathetic review of the policy of the statesman whom Thucydides has made so commanding a figure in Athenian history. From the death of Pericles dates the rise of low demagoguery, and the description of Cleon bawling abuse from the rostrum is quite in accordance with the pictures drawn by Thucydides and Aristophanes. The only statesmen amongst the successors of Pericles whom our author commends are Nicias, Thucydides, and Theramenes. Of the two former he says: "Nearly every one acknowledges them to have been not only high-minded gentlemen but statesmen and patriots;" the latter he takes a second occasion to praise highly, though his own account of his career shows him to have been no more than an opportunist with aristocratic leanings.

We have a very full account of a constitution proposed under the rule of the Four Hundred after the crisis of 411. Indeed the disproportionate amplex of this portion of the narrative would lead us to conjecture that the writer had strong oligarchical sympathies, and wished to exaggerate the importance of the Four Hundred, or else that he had some special source of information on this very dull subject, and was anxious to make as much use of it as possible. As the proposed constitution never became an actuality, it is hard to see any other reason for the care with which he dwells on it. We do not find this false perspective in the genuine works of Aristotle.

The government of the Five Thousand, which rose under Theramenes and Aristocrates on the ruins of the oligarchy, elicits from the writer as from Thucydides terms of the warmest commendation. He tells us there was a subsequent restoration of the democracy, which may have taken place after the victory of Cyzicus in 410; but he is certainly mistaken when he refers to the trial of ten generals after Arginusæ; two were never put on their trial, two did not appear, and only six were tried. The statement made by a scholiast on Aristophanes (Ran. 1532), and disbelieved by Grote, that the Spartans made proposals of peace after Arginusæ, is confirmed by the present treatise; and the refusal of the Athenians to entertain these proposals is ascribed to the evil influence of Cleophon, who came drunk into the Ecclesia, and persuaded the people to insist on the surrender of her whole empire by Sparta, as the only condition of peace.

The history of the government of the Thirty set up by Lysander after Ægospotami throws some new light on its character. They repealed the law of Solon which annulled the will of a testator who could be shown to be of unsound mind or under undue influence. In this there is nothing which calls for reprobation. These provisions against incapacity and undue influence were reasonable in themselves, but they led to vexatious litigation, and did more harm than good, as may be gathered from some of the speeches of Isæus. The way in which they compassed the destruction of Theramenes shows the Thirty Tyrants rather as adroit evaders of the laws, who sought to give a constitutional appearance to their most unconstitutional acts, than as open violators of all law and custom, such as Xenophon describes. They induced the Council to sanction two laws, one giving the Thirty power of life and death over all persons not on the roll of the three thousand citizens which they were about to issue, a second declaring that no one could be placed on that roll who had helped in the demolition of the fort at Eëtionæa (of which we now hear for the first time in the treatise) or had taken any part against the Four Hundred; "in both which Theramenes had a hand, so the result was that he was outside the constitution, and they had full warrant for putting him to death," which they immediately did. It was then, not at an earlier stage in the career of the Thirty (as Xenophon says), that they admitted into the Acropolis a Spartan garrison under Callibius.

The overthrow of the Thirty by Thrasybulus was followed first by the appointment of a Board of Ten who failed to realize the seriousness of the situation, and sought only to establish their own power. A second Board of Ten subsequently constituted were more successful. The moderation of Rhinon, another addition to the roll of Athenian worthies, and the tact of Archinus, worked wonders. All citizens who felt themselves unsafe at Athens were allowed to retire to Eleusis, and articles were drawn up between the secessionists and those who remained. The former were obliged, in order to secure their rights, to enter their names on a roll before a certain day. Archinus succeeded in curtailing without any notice the period within which the enrolment might be made, and thus kept in Athens perforce several citizens who intended to secede to Eleusis, but had put off their enrolment with that tendency to procrastination

"which is such a common trait in human nature." This is a remark somewhat in the manner of Aristotle; two other such reflections may be noticed, one when the writer speaks of "the characteristic clemency of a democracy" (p. 59), and the other when he observes (p. 79) that "though a mob can be cajoled easily enough, yet it is apt to vent its hatred afterwards on those who have led it into wrong doing." So children rarely love and never trust those who spoil them by undue indulgence.

Two years afterwards the secessionists at Eleusis were received back into the community of Athenians, and this was the last change in the constitution of Athens. Of these changes eleven are enumerated in the treatise, so that there existed on the whole twelve constitutions in Athens, namely: (1) The original mythical establishment under Ion, (2) Theseus, (3) Draco, (4) Solon, (5) Pisistratus, (6) Clisthenes, (7) Areopagus, (8) Aristides and Ephialtes, (9) the Four Hundred, (10) the restoration of the Democracy after Cyzicus, (11) the Thirty and the two Boards of Ten, (12) the final restoration of the Democracy. The name of Pericles has no place in the list of the successive statesmen who left their mark on the constitution.

The remainder of the "Constitution of Athens" deals solely with the machinery of the State, and completely avoids all appeals to principles, never even approaching that tendency to generalization which is so marked a feature in the "Politics" of Aristotle. Yet it is by no means without interest for the modern reader. Individualists will be surprised to find how little favor their views found in the eyes of ancient Athens, and how the private life of every Athenian was fenced about with statutes restricting his liberty of action on every side. One cannot fail to be struck by the minuteness and completeness of the legislation which provided for the relief of helpless and disabled paupers and the rejection of disqualified applicants for charity, for the inspection of weights and measures and the prevention of adulteration, and for the supervision of horses by the establishment of a regular corps of veterinary surgeons, whose duty it was to affix certain marks to disqualified animals, the mark apparently being the figure of a circle stamped on the animal's jaw. Furthermore, the city traffic was under strict supervision, and there were statutes compelling the removal of nuisances from public thoroughfares, and forbidding structures which would impede the free

use of the streets. Such structures as Temple Bar, stretching across the street, are expressly prohibited, and it is clear that sky-signs would not have been tolerated. In connection with this subject we learn that the Board which had charge of the street traffic were bound to see that no householder had a hall door opening on the street, a provision which throws light on a question which presents itself to the readers of Menander, Plautus, and Terence. The grammarians, as well as Plutarch, tell us that in Greek cities the doors opened outwards, and that persons about to leave the house were in the habit of rapping on the inside of the door, to warn passers-by that some one was coming out. Of late, this statement has been treated by Becker, Guhl, and Koner, and others as a mere figment of the grammarians, and we are taught that such phrases as *ἡ θύρα ψοφεῖ* and *crepuerunt fores* refer only to the noise made by the door in opening. We do indeed read of water being poured on the hinge (or rather wooden pivot) on which the door moved, when the inmate of the house wished to conceal his egress, which would be in favor of the modern view. But on the other hand we have in this passage distinct evidence that the doors of private houses did at all events, at one time, open outwards. If, however, such a method of constructing doors was forbidden by law, it can hardly have been common in the time of Menander. We may perhaps infer that Menander introduced into his plays an archaic and disused practice, and was followed by his imitators. The passage in our tract, so far as it goes, discredits the modern interpretation,* which indeed somewhat rashly set aside the distinct evidence of Plutarch and the grammarians.

The same Board had the strange duty of seeing that female dancers and flute-players should not receive more than two drachmas as pay for their services at entertainments; and if two or more entertainers were anxious to secure the same girl, it was the duty of the Board to see that the question should be decided by lot. The forms, whereby the youthful Athenian on coming of age, when he was called Ephebus, was admitted to his place in the State, are given at great length, and show how completely the community dominated the individual, and how the interference with

* It is to be observed that *θυρίδες* generally means "windows," not "doors;" but the latter meaning is quite natural, and is found in Plato and Plutarch; moreover it is incredible that it should have been against the law to open windows looking on the street.

private liberty was carried to the verge of socialism. The functions of the Ecclesia, the Council, and the various magistrates, are dwelt on with wearisome detail. It appears that in early times the Council had a summary jurisdiction over the property, liberty, and life of the citizens, but that it lost this power on the occasion of the arrest of one Lysimachus, whose cause was taken up by one Eumelides. But as we know nothing more about either of these persons, the whole statement must await confirmation. It also had the selection of plans for public buildings, but was afterwards deprived of this privilege for a corrupt use of the power. So also they were accused of jobbery in the appointment of the girls chosen to weave the peplos to be carried in the great Panathenaic festival, under the supervision of two maidens of high family called ἀρρηφόροι. Both these privileges were in consequence transferred from the Council to a jury chosen by lot.

It is interesting to learn that, while the lot was used for the appointment of the other magistrates, Athens resorted to election in the case of the superintendents of the commissariat for the army, of the theoric fund, and of the water supply. A piece of evidence bearing on a very curious statement about the Areopagus has been elicited from a corrupt passage in c. 57, where we have the half-obliterated reading δικάζ[ο]νται . . . αἰ[σ]ο. We can testify ourselves that in the facsimile at least nothing more than this can be read; indeed we cannot ourselves make out the α. Dr. Sandys, the public orator of Cambridge, has made the certain emendation δικάζουσι σκοταῖοι, quoting the passage in Lucian's "Hermotimus" (c. 64), which says that the Areopagus in some cases held their court at night, that they might not be able to see the speakers on either side, but only to hear their arguments. Thus the learning and ingenuity of a scholar of our own day have elicited from the newly discovered document a strong proof of the literal truth of a statement which has hitherto been regarded as being merely one of Lucian's jokes.

An interesting passage (c. 52) saves the reputation of Athenian legislators. A fragment from an ancient lexicographer, apparently founded on a curious mistranslation of Pollux, tells us that it was the duty of "the Eleven" to keep watch and ward over persons apprehended on charges of murder, robbery, and the like, and that, further, they were empowered to execute at once such prisoners as confessed their

guilt, but were bound to reserve for trial those who pleaded "not guilty." Such a law, the effect of which would be that no one would ever suffer death at the hands of the Eleven except perhaps some harmless lunatic, might prevail perhaps in the realm of a queen of Wonderland or Mr. Gilbert's Mikado, but did not seem characteristic of the Attic mind at any period of its history. We now find that the condition under which death could be summarily inflicted, was not that the prisoners should confess their guilt, but that the Eleven should agree in thinking the summary process requisite. The word used (ὁμολογεῖν), meaning both "to confess" and "to agree," imported an ambiguity into a passage of Pollux, on which apparently the lexicographer based his note. It is easy to believe that there may have been occasions on which it was quite requisite to execute at once a murderer or robber whose guilt seemed clear to all the Eleven without exception, and whose rescue might perhaps have been successfully attempted by powerful partisans. The editor strangely seems to take the passage in our tract in the whimsical sense of the fragment from the lexicon. The meaning is quite clear: the eleven are to put to death robbers, murderers, and such like, "if they are unanimous, but if there is any difference of opinion they are to bring them to trial."* We cannot help reflecting on the many dangers which beset the transmission of historical knowledge from the ancient world. The mere chance, that an ambiguous word was used in recording an actual fact, has given rise to an almost ludicrous error, which has had to wait about sixteen centuries for correction, if we reckon from the time of Pollux. And yet the blunder did not imply at all abnormal stupidity on the part of the lexicographer, merely the choice of the wrong one of two equally common meanings of a Greek verb.

The last chapter of the tract (c. 63) takes up the subject of the procedure in the law courts, and when he had written it the fourth scribe had evidently reached the end of his task, which is resumed by the third hand who had already written part of the foregoing MS. He took an earlier portion of the farm-bailiff's accounts as the vehicle of his MS., but the condition in which this portion of the papyrus has

* ἂν μὲν ὁμολογήσῃ . . . ἂν δ' ἀμφισβητήσῃ. Pollux, viii. 102, has εἰ μὲν ὁμολογοῖεν θανατώσοντες, εἰ δὲ μὴ εἰσάγοντες εἰς τὸ δικαστήριον. The words of the lexicographer are ὁμολογούντας μὲν ἀποκτινύνουσιν, ἀντιλέγοντας δὲ (if they object!) εἰσάγουσιν εἰς τὸ δικαστήριον. (Lexica Segueriana, p. 310, 14.)

survived makes continuous decipherment hopeless.

Mr. Kenyon, in the end of his introduction, points out that we had no right to look for a discussion of the spirit and principles of the Athenian Constitution in a work which professes only to be a collection of facts; and moreover that the Greeks had not that genius for organization nor that tenderness for old formulas which have marked the Romans and the English. Consequently the influence of their example on the modern world has been very slight. Yet he thinks that for the English, especially, the concrete lessons which may be gathered from the study of the fortunes of a democracy ought to have an interest:—

The Athenian Ecclesia was responsible to no other power or person, and it had no other interests to consider except its own; and though no modern nation can have a sovereign assembly which includes every adult man in the community, yet a Parliament whose members are delegates or mouthpieces of their constituencies, and not representatives with independent judgments, embodies a form of democracy which is sufficiently parallel with that of Athens to make it worth while to study the history of that State, and the observations thereupon of so acute a critic as Aristotle. This is not the place to discuss the conclusions which may be derived from it. Grote has drawn one series of judgments from it; other critics have drawn others of a different character. The only point which concerns us here is that the evidence of Aristotle on such a matter is no unimportant addition to our knowledge of the subject.

This is very true; and it brings us face to face with an enquiry which, as we have said, is, for scholars at least, the most important and interesting of those which the treatise suggests,—the enquiry whether this is really likely to be the work of Aristotle, or even of his age.

The hypothesis of a modern forgery having been shown to be quite groundless, the next question concerning authorship is, whether the treatise before us is by Aristotle, or by a pupil or immediate successor, or by a later historian writing some time in the last two centuries before Christ, or even in the first century of the Christian era. The internal evidence, as will afterwards be seen, does not negative even the last hypothesis. Mr. Kenyon would naturally wish to believe the work to be the celebrated tract of Aristotle. It is a singular distinction to be the editor of an *editio princeps* of a work of Aristotle. We are quite sure, however, that

his expressed opinion in favor of Aristotelian authorship is the result of a careful estimate of the evidence as it presented itself to him, and we are ready to accord much weight to his opinion. Those portions of his task as editor, which called for insight into complicated questions in history and lucid review of evidence, have been adequately executed. Such faults as may be found in his editing are not connected with matters of history. However, we cannot share his opinion that the treatise before us is the work of Aristotle.

The question as to the Aristotelian canon—as to what may be the undoubted works of Aristotle—is a very complicated one, and we should not think of forcing a discussion of it on readers of this review. Those who wish to see how thorny it is may consult the great work of Grote on Aristotle. Even the far simpler enquiry, how far the authenticity of a work ascribed to Aristotle may be decided by considerations of style, is far more difficult than the same question concerning Plato or Cicero. For we know broadly the salient features of the style of Plato and Cicero, while as regards Aristotle we are puzzled by a curious discrepancy on the part of the best judges in referring to the way in which his writings have impressed them. Cicero, an undoubted authority, uses expressions about it which make us rub our eyes and ask ourselves, are we dreaming? The words “*flumen orationis aureum*” * seem about the most inappropriate which could be chosen to represent to us the unadorned phrases in which the great Stagiritic was wont to throw a flood of driest, keenest light on the most profound questions in ethics, logics, and politics. Again we read of his “*orationis ornamenta*,” † of his “*dicendi incredibilis quædam cum copia tum etiam suavitas*,” ‡ and of “*Aristotelia pigmenta*.” § Now these are by no means the qualities which we look for in his style. We expect the shrewd and concisely expressed suggestion of genius, unilluminated by a ray of fancy, unspoiled by an attempt at brilliancy, but often disclosing a mind two thousand years ahead of its contemporaries, and striking us by unmistakable anticipations of views which began to be propounded some twenty centuries after the philosopher was dead. Hence it has been suggested that in some of his works lost to us, especially his dialogues, he set

* Acad. ii. 38, § 119.

† Fin. i. 5, § 14.

‡ Topica, i. 3.

§ Epp. ad Att. ii. 1, § 1.

free a fancy which was curbed in his more formal essays. But is this view tenable? Then, "le style ce n'est pas l'homme." Could Cousin write sometimes like Kant, and Butler occasionally like Bossuet? We think not, and we are disposed to believe that we have in Aristotle a fountain of light which has come to us through many a distorting medium, sometimes making our eyes ache with its dry, frosty clearness, and sometimes (in the lost works which Cicero read) displaying the rainbow hues of imagination. These last have certainly not shone on us, and it may be doubted (in view of what we do know about the successors of Aristotle) whether Cicero did not mistake tinsel for gold when he spoke of the "flumen orationis aureum;" but this is certain, that Cicero read as the works of Aristotle pieces which he described in terms which we should not think of applying to our Aristotle.

These considerations fall in very aptly with a theory, which does not depend on them alone, that many of the great treatises of Aristotle have been preserved by means of notes taken at his lectures by his pupils, and have been rescued from the fate which would naturally attend such a vehicle of transmission, only by the amazing originality of the master's genius, and the generally high intellectual level of the pupils. If this theory could be accepted as tenable — and it has found many able and authoritative supporters — we should not be surprised to find that the celebrated treatise on the Athenian Constitution had assumed even half-a-dozen different forms within a hundred years after the death of the master. This would account for a great many things which puzzle us in the tract now under consideration. The first and most remarkable is that it seems certain that Plutarch had not read this particular edition of the "Constitution of Athens." In his "Life of Solon," Plutarch only once mentions Aristotle by name, and then it is to make him an authority for an incident in the career of Solon which he, Plutarch, does not believe, but for which he quotes the evidence of "Aristotle the philosopher" — the statement that Solon desired that after his death his ashes should be scattered round Salamis. There is no such statement in the "Constitution of Athens" which has just been published. This, however, is not at all decisive, for "Aristotle the philosopher" might have recorded the anecdote elsewhere; but what shall we say of the new and remarkable instances

of the versatility (to use a euphemism) of Themistocles which the *editio princeps* affords us? Is it credible that Plutarch would have omitted all mention of a narrative so striking in itself, and so eminently suited to his vivid way of portraying character, if he had for it the authority of Aristotle the philosopher, whom he is glad to quote even when he differs from him? The conclusion is irresistible that Plutarch had never read the work before us. But he had certainly read some treatise ascribed to Aristotle on the "Athenian Constitution;" therefore there must have been other editions of the "Athenian Constitution" circulating under the name of Aristotle beside the one which has so recently come into our hands. If so, there may have been many recensions, one issued perhaps in each succeeding generation, each introducing fresh knowledge acquired on the subjects treated in the tract, but each carefully avoiding the pursuit of the subject beyond the time of Aristotle, under whose name it was issued; and some of these might have been even two hundred years posterior to Aristotle.

Such, we are strongly disposed to believe, is the present treatise. The style is neither that of Aristotle as we know him, nor that of Aristotle as he seems to have been known to Cicero, whose Aristotle no doubt included many works really written by his pupils and successors. It is between both, and far removed from each. We have already pointed out a few reflections in the treatise which have caught something of the manner of the master, but they have not his originality nor his profundity. The style is easy and simple, far from striking, and sometimes (as for instance in the description of the attack of Themistocles and Ephialtes on the Areopagus) very bald and feeble; and the vocabulary of this short tract makes many additions, and quite needless additions, to the already enormous vocabulary of Aristotle. The language is redolent of the epoch of Diodorus Siculus. Mr. Kenyon has endeavored to prove that the year 307 must be regarded as the latest limits of its composition, because the writer speaks of the Athens of his own time as having only ten tribes, whereas the number was raised to twelve in that year. Another ingenious critic would make the tract prior to 325, because in that year the Athenians began to build quinqueremes, while the tract only mentions triremes and quadriremes. But minute considerations of this kind are of little moment when

weighed against the counter-evidence supplied by the whole character of the style and diction. Each successive *rédacteur* would be careful to preserve in his edition the appearance of Aristotelian authorship, and would be on his guard, so far as his erudition served him, not to introduce anachronisms which would betray a post-Aristotelian origin. The editors of these successive recensions of a supposed tract of Aristotle did not trouble themselves to try to achieve any imitation of his style, or even so secure congruity with his opinions as expressed in his other works, but were satisfied if they could avoid the mention of institutions which would distinctly disprove the Aristotelian authorship. In the same way a literary man of our own time, in trying to pass off an essay of his own as the work of Hallam, might not have the ability to produce a good imitation of his style, or the learning to avoid some conflict with his opinions, but certainly he would be intelligent enough not to mention political phenomena which have appeared since Hallam's time, such as the caucus, the "one man one vote" agitation, or the cry for the taxation of ground-rents.

An imposing array of positive proofs can be drawn from the language of the treatise that it was not written before the century preceding the Christian era. These can be disregarded only on the theory that the MS. is vitiated throughout by the errors of scribes who introduced into it the literary mannerisms of their own time. Such a hypothesis has never been applied to the criticism of the remains of antiquity. If applied, it would render all literary criticism based on style irrelevant, and, if pushed far enough, it might prove the genuineness of the letters of Phalaris. We have only to alter the dialect throughout, and to regard as adscripts those passages which Bentley showed to refer to institutions ages posterior to Phalaris, and we have a set of letters which might have been written by the Sicilian tyrant. Nay, by a consistent remodelling of the spelling and phraseology, we might show that her Majesty's "Tour in the Highlands" was by James I. The changes required for these feats would certainly be far more sweeping than those demanded to bring the present treatise into conformity with Aristotelian usage; but the alterations requisite for the latter purpose would be so great to justify fully the statement, that it would require to be virtually rewritten.

Of the proofs drawn from diction we will only give the most striking. A list of post-Aristotelian words and phrases, in-

cluding many beside those which we had already noticed, and which must have been observed by every student of Aristotle, is given by the editor of the *Classical Review* in the March number; in it are most of the following:—

P. 14, l. 2, *ἔλεγεια*, "a poem in elegiac verse;" the form *ἐλεγεία* is found in Plutarch and Strabo, but not in early writers, who use only *ἐλεγείον*. In the same page *φύσει* (which Mr. Kenyon now recognizes as the right reading) is employed in the non-Aristotelian sense of "birth" (noble by birth), and is so used again in p. 48, l. 10.

P. 16, l. 4, *παραστρατηγῆν*, "to out-general;" Plutarch and Dionysius Halicarnassus use it in the sense of "to interfere with the general."

P. 17, l. 4, *καταφατίζειν*, "to declare publicly" (Plutarch).

P. 20, l. 8, *ζηνγίσιον*, "rating of Zeugitæ" (Pollux).

P. 32, l. 6, *μεμψιμορία*, "fault-finding" (Lucian).

P. 36, l. 7, *προσκοσμίεσθαι*, "to be ranged on the same side with." Plutarch and Josephus have *προσκοσμεῖν*, but in the sense of "to adorn further."

P. 36, l. 10, *διαφημισμός*, "a proclamation," formed from *διαφημίζω*, which is used by Dionysius Hal.

P. 65, l. 7, *ἐξαπορεῖν*, "to be in great want" (Polybius, Diodorus, Dionysius Hal.).

P. 90, l. 11, *συναρέσκεσθαι*, "to be pleased with" (Sextus Empiricus).

P. 95, l. 1, *μανῖαν*, "to be mad" (Josephus).

P. 111, l. 7, *ἡμέρα ἀφέσιμος*, "a holiday" (Aristides).

P. 117, l. 1, *εὐσημία*, "a favorable state of the auspices," used by Hippocrates in the sense of "a good prognostic."

P. 121, l. 3, *ἐπιστόλιον*, used in Plutarch and other late writers for "architrave;" here either "a column" (of accounts), or a mistake for *ἐπιστόλιον*, a late diminutive of *ἐπιστολή*.

P. 135, l. ult., *ἐκθύμα*, "a sin-offering," used by Hippocrates in the sense of "a pustule."

Here are half-a-dozen phrases and constructions which seem to point to a period long post-Aristotelian:—

P. 33, l. 5, *ἀρχαίαν ἐποίησαν*, possibly a translation of the Latin *antiquare*.

P. 65, l. 4, *οὐδενὶ δόγματι λαβούσα τὴν ἡγεμονίαν*, "having obtained the supremacy without any decree."

P. 76, l. 9, ἡττᾶτο δίδοναι, "he was not equal to giving."

P. 100, l. 4, ἐπὶ πέρας ἡγαγε τὴν εἰρήνην, "he concluded the peace."

P. 103, l. ult., οὐχ οἶον . . . ἀλλὰ καί, not found before Polybius, and condemned by Phrynichus.

P. 109, l. penult., πράγμασι συμμίγνυσθαι, "to be mixed up in affairs."

To these may be added the use of εἰς for the conditional particle ἂν in pp. 84, 87, 140, and the utterly post-classical apostrophizing of the reader in διαγνῶθι, "observe," p. 29, l. 12. Both these usages are certainly in the facsimile; εἰς is quite clear, and διαγνῶθι certainly seems to be the reading; δι- is certain, and -ῶθι nearly so; at all events, δὴ ἄλλοθι, δὴ ἑτέρωθι, the ingenious emendations proposed, are not in the facsimile. The reading seems to be διαγνῶθι ὅπου λέγει περὶ, "observe where he speaks about,"* and the usage is quite that of διασκόπει in Plutarch (Solon, xix), where he addresses the reader and says, "However, turn over the question in your own mind." The word ὅρα, "observe," is constantly so used by late writers.

We have already given reasons for believing that Plutarch had not read the particular edition of the "Constitution of Athens" which is now in our hands. This conviction will be strengthened by a comparison of the places in which the same anecdote is told by the two writers. The shrewd comment of Solon on the request of Pisistratus for a bodyguard, that he (Solon) was wiser than those who did not see the design of the tyrant and braver than those who seeing it held their peace, is given by both, but there is not a word in the narrative of Plutarch to suggest that he derived the anecdote from our treatise. On the other hand, Ælian (viii. 16) gives the same tale in very similar language, which would quite justify the theory that he had before him the very same text which has just now been published. In telling the story how Pisistratus inflicted wounds on himself, and persuaded the people that he had received them from his political opponents, our treatise has the same participle, κατατραυματίας, which Diodorus Siculus uses in telling the same tale; there is no coincidence of expression in Plutarch, whose account seems to be derived from another source.

* It may be observed that even διαγνῶθι ποῦ, for "observe where," may be paralleled in post-classical Greek; cp. the title of a work of Lucian, πῶς δὲ συγγράφειν, quomodo historia conscribenda sit.

To these evidences for the existence of various recensions of a work used by many subsequent writers on politics, the following considerations should be added. There is no early authority for the existence of a work called Πολιτεῖαι by Aristotle. The passage of Polybius referred to by Mr. Kenyon (Introd., p. xvii.), as containing an allusion by Timæus to Aristotle's Πολιτεῖαι, does not really mention such a work; it only tells us that Aristotle wrote a work about the Locrian constitution, and was criticised by Timæus, but does not tell us what work of Aristotle was so criticised. Hence it is possible that there never was an Aristotelian archetype, but that the different editions of the tract were different efforts to produce something which Aristotle might have written. We are, however, disposed to believe that there was an original work by Aristotle himself. Some of the fragments which quote the "Constitution of Athens by Aristotle" give a statement distinctly different from the teaching of our text. Zenobius tells us that "Aristotle in the Constitution of Athens" related how Callicrates had increased inordinately the pay of the dicasts, and that hence arose a proverb ὑπὲρ τὰ Καλλικράτους, "to out-Callicrates Callicrates," which denoted unreasonable excess. The account of Callicrates in our treatise contains no such statement nor anything like it. The scholiast on Aristophanes (Vesp. 502) says that Aristotle ascribed to the dynasty of the Pisistratidæ a duration of forty-one years; here "Aristotle" distinctly states that it lasted forty-nine. Heraclides Ponticus, a pupil of Aristotle, wrote a work called περὶ Πολιταίων, which is admitted to have been a compilation from the works of his master, and which in some cases preserves statements found elsewhere only in the tract before us, yet he did not profess to give us Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens," but only a work based on Aristotle. Probably it differed from many other similar essays only in the fact that it did not claim Aristotelian authorship.

While we have nothing but congratulations and praise for the skill and diligence with which an extremely difficult MS. has been deciphered, and while we recognize as really valuable the judgment which has brought to bear on the historical materials presented, we cannot but express regret at the lack of scholarship which the edition betrays. Some of the grosser errors of the first edition have been corrected in

a list of errata prefixed to the second edition; others have been silently corrected in the text. For instance, *δίδωσ*, which was supplied in the first edition as the present participle of *δίδωμι* on p. 44, is now silently printed *δίδους*; in the same way the editor has treated *δολιγαρχίαν ἐπεθύμουν*, p. 93; *οἷτινες δοκῶσι*, p. 122; *ὀχέτους μετεώρας*, p. 125; *εἰ θέλωσιν*, p. 142. But others nearly as bad still survive; we still have [*τῶν ἀρεσκο*] *μένων* on p. 44, as if *ἀρέσκεσθαι* could mean "to be pleasing" in Attic prose; we have *ὁ ἐν ἀγορᾷ σίτος ἀργός* for *ἀργός σίτος*, p. 127; *ἐπιμελεῖσθαι ὅπως πωλῆται . . . χρῆσονται*, p. 126; and *ἐχομένων* for *ἐχοντας* on p. 125, in the very next line to that in which *μετεώρας* is silently corrected to *μετεώρους*; in correcting the wrong gender, why did not the editor remove a shocking solecism in the next line? On p. 97 *κατασκευάσαι* is of course a misprint; it is as yet uncorrected. The second edition still contains very bad mistakes, for which the editor now owns that he, not the codex, is responsible. On p. 16 we have *μένμηκε*, on p. 66 *Τιμοσθένου*, on p. 100 *Εὐκλείδους*, on p. 101 *πρὶν ἀπογράφηται*, and on p. 110 *ἐπὶ τῶν θεωρικῶν*, though in each case, as Mr. Kenyon now ingeniously confesses, the codex had the grammatical form, *μένμηται*, *Τιμοσθένους*, *Εὐκλείδου*, *πρὶν ἂν ἀπογράφηται*, and *ἐπὶ τῷ θεωρικόν*. In filling up undecipherable *lacunæ* words are supplied which are grammatically incompatible with the words which can be read. Thus we find *θέλωσιν* supplied after *εἰ*, and *ἂν* omitted after *πρὶν*. It is hard to conceive how any one on reading *καὶ κοινῇ* (p. 103) should have failed to decipher words so naturally suggested to the mind as *καὶ ἰδίᾳ*, and should have printed instead *καρδίᾳ*, which is absolutely nonsense. Again, *ὅτι χρῆσεται*, on p. 63, and *τῷ πολέμῳ*, on p. 146, are quite unmeaning; while by printing *ὁ τι* and *τω*, which are no changes at all as far as the MS. is concerned, we gain a perfect sense.

We are, however, under such deep obligations to the authorities of the British Museum, that we are unwilling to judge too harshly these defects. They have been the occasion of bringing out some fine scholarship, and showing that England can still hold the great position she has won in the art of brilliant and certain emendation. We have already mentioned *δικάζουσι σκοταῖοι* (p. 145), the admirable conjecture of Dr. Sandys. It would be a pleasure to record here, if space permitted, the many excellent suggestions which have been made by various scholars, by

Wyse, Richards, the two Mayors, Bywater, Jackson, Rutherford, and many others, since the publication of the tract. We have, however, already given reasons for the belief that the treatise is, in parts at least, of an age considerably later than the Aristotelian epoch, that post-classical usages are interwoven into the very warp and woof of it, and that to emend it into strict accordance with the Greek of Aristotle's age would be almost equivalent to rewriting the work. Further, we are disposed to think that even after all the violations of classical usage had been pruned away, not even then would the essay produce on a judicious reader with an ear for style the impression of being the work of Aristotle, or even of one of his immediate successors; and that wholesale emendation might do more harm than good by disguising from us the real character of an essay which, though ancient and full of interest and instruction, does not seem to have emanated from Aristotle, nor from any of the pupils whom he taught in person.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE young man, on whose movements so much depends, knows the whole countryside up to Abdoolapore very well, and so is able to make his way along the least frequented village pathways. He passes over the eight miles unmolested. Arrived, he leaves the "native" city on one side and passes into the English station; he moves along the deserted roads and by the burnt-down bungalows of the cantonment. He inquires at a little bazaar for the residence of the brigadier, to whom he has been charged to deliver the missive, and is told that he and the other English residents have left the cantonment and taken up their quarters in a fortified enclosure known as the "Dum-duma." This very road leads up to it. The young man is very well acquainted with the native, but not with the European portion of Abdoolapore; and so he gets quite close to the fortified position, which is all that the Europeans at present occupy or hold, without knowing it. He is passing by a small house by the side of the road, in which

there is an outlying picket of English soldiers, when he is challenged by the sentry and not knowing the meaning or import of the words, he continues to press on; is challenged again, and then again, as he continues to hurry on, full of the importance of his mission, the saving of so many human lives — is he not too a Ram-anandi? And then he gives a jump as he hears the report of a musket, and a bullet whistles by him within an inch of his nose. And then comes the sound of rapid footsteps, and he finds himself in the grasp of a couple of English soldiers, who hurry him rapidly off the road and into the temporary guard-house.

"Sure, he is a sapoy — ye can tell it by the cut of the whisker!" says an Irish soldier.

That special cut of the whisker was to cost many an innocent native his life during the coming two years.

"He is a bloody mutineer," says an English soldier.

The Hindoostan language is a *lingua franca* that had its rise in the camps and bazaars of the great river-side mart and entrepot and metropolis of Delhi, where the different tongued natives of Hindostan and western Asia met. Now has come a large admixture of English. The young messenger spoke his own village dialect, and the soldiers spoke the barrack-room Hindostanee, in which English, and not Sanscrit, or Hindee, or Persian, forms the leading element. Consequently they did not understand one another. But still the captors could comprehend the reiterated "Brigadier Sahib, Brigadier Sahib," of the captive.

"Shure he wants to see the brigadier. He may have something to say to him. Let us take him to him. It's but a step."

The brigadier has his temporary quarters just within the adjoining gateway of the enclosure. The captive spy, as the soldiers deem him, is conveyed thither. When the brigadier's servants announce to him, with a good deal of excitement, that the soldiers at the neighboring picket have seized a spy, it becomes an accepted fact that the man is a spy.

"But why have they brought him here?" says the brigadier irritably.

It is now within a few minutes of two o'clock, at which hour the brigadier has his tiffin. All his meals are of the utmost importance to him; he lives only for them and his rubbers of whist; but he is especially fond of his tiffin, for that is the meal at which he has his first bottle of beer, and, his office work being over before

then, after it comes the much loved afternoon sleep.

"Why do they not take him on to Major Cox?"

"The prisoner, the spy, says he is most anxious to speak to the presence."

"He is not armed, he has no arms about him?" says the brigadier anxiously.

"Oh, no."

"Then tell them to bring him in — to bring him in."

The sergeant and the soldiers make their military salute. The sentry makes his report.

The man was trying to steal by the outpost, was trying to get stealthily — most stealthily — by it, and refused to halt when challenged, so he (Murphy) fired at him, and the other men — Private Higgins, and Private Bell, and Private Dougherty — ran out and caught him. Then he kept saying, "Brigadier," "Brigadier," and so they brought him here.

"Why do you want to see me?" demands the brigadier sharply.

The young neophyte is of a nervous temperament. He does not like his present position. He has always held these white men as a very terrible people. And he has heard that the wrath of Englishmen in Abdoolapore burns just now strongly against his fellow-countrymen, several of whom have been disposed of very summarily by hanging or shooting, within the last few days. And so it is in a trembling, stuttering voice, obviously indicative of his guilt, that he utters the sentence, —

"I am a disciple of the Guru Tools Dass, the Ramanandi —"

"Gurus, and Tulsis, and Ramnands," interrupts the brigadier angrily. "What is he talking about? Probably pretending to be mad. A favorite dodge with the natives. I know them well. He was trying to steal by the picket, you say?"

"Trying to steal quietly by it." Proud of his exploit, the young soldier has come to believe this sincerely. Alas for poor facts! And what a thing is human testimony! "He thought, sir, that I would be in the shadow of the house, on the other side."

"And if he had got into the enclosure we could not have known that he was not one of our own coolies. He could have done what he liked there, the scoundrel. Take him away — take him to Major Cox!" cries the fat old brigadier in his thick, husky voice.

"He is saying something about a *chit*," (note, letter), "sir," says his good-natured

young aide-de-camp, who is also in the room.

"Let my hands be unloosed, in the name of God!" cries the young messenger earnestly.

"Very good, unloose his hands," says the brigadier. "But keep an eye on him. He may mean mischief. He looks a scoundrel, a most thorough scoundrel." The lad had a face like that of Melancthon.

His hands free, the captive gropes about amid his clothing, and produces a little bit of paper — he is in a violent perspiration, due not only to the heat of the day but to the perilous position in which he finds himself; the paper is consequently damp and discolored — which he hands to one of the soldiers.

"Why it is a dirty piece of common bazaar paper," says the brigadier. "Phew! do not bring it near me. You can read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is my name on it?"

"No, sir."

"Look inside — is my name there?"

"No, sir."

"I thought it could not be for me — a piece of common bazaar paper."

"It is not English, sir."

"I thought the fellow was lying. Throw it into the waste-paper basket."

The little bit of paper, laden with so many human lives, goes down into the midst of the pieces of torn paper meant to be cast away. And the khansaman announces tiffin, and the old brigadier says peremptorily, —

"Take him away. Take him away to Major Cox. He shall be tried by court-martial to-morrow."

Wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

So far as the young messenger knew, the basket might be the proper receptacle for letters; and so far as he was aware the document had been read and his errand fulfilled. In any case, he makes no further remark as the soldiers hurry him away.

And those whose thoughts have followed him with so much of hope and fear have to beguile the hours succeeding his departure as best they may. They pair off. Major Fane and Mrs. Fane retire a little way into the wood and seat themselves at the foot of a tree in order to discuss the events of the last few days quietly together, as they have not been able to do before. And then their thoughts fly away from the present back into the past, that past which

seems to come up so vividly before them in this time of trouble.

"I do not believe we have been in a wood together since that last day we drove to Lyndhurst," says Mrs. Fane. That was shortly after they were married. And then they talk very tenderly together. A cold, calm, self-possessed, "hee! haw!" drawling sort of man; a proud, cold, haughty woman — that is the outside estimate of the two. But now they are gentle and tender and sentimental, as tender and sentimental as any pair of young lovers — as William Hay and their daughter seated together under another tree. For, as has been said before, it is in moments such as these that the strength of the relationship, which is apt to become weakened amid the commonplace of ordinary times, is felt in its full force. Then a common atmosphere once more envelops the husband and wife, each of whom has brought into the life of the other the most important circumstance in it; then the strength of the tie which binds them to one another and separates them from the rest of the world is felt in all its fulness.

And Beatrice asks William Hay with tender solicitude about his wound, and he makes light of it, though at that very moment it is paining him greatly, and he has a private fear that he may have to lose his arm. And when Beatrice, worn out by the dangers and hardships, the fatigue and physical sufferings of the last three terrible days, cannot help breaking down for a moment — the tension of exertion gone — he sustains and cheers and comforts her, going for comfort to the source from which he has ever been accustomed to draw it. Are not God's everlasting arms under her, and is he not strong to save? And then he repeats some of the verses from the Psalms, which his constant perusal, and the effect of them upon his soul and spirit, and likewise upon his sensitive ear, have made so familiar to him.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress and my deliverer."

"God is our refuge and strength, a very pleasant help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

And Lilian Fane and young Hamilton have seated themselves together; they are mere acquaintances, but they are drawn together now by their common youth and their common misfortunes.

"It all seems like a terrible dream," says

Lilian. "How terrible to have met people only a day or two before — and to be looking forward to meeting them again — and then to see them lying dead before you!"

"Whom did you see lying dead before you?" asks Hamilton, rather a matter-of-fact young man.

"Oh, poor Captain Smith, and — and Mr. Hill, and — and — and Mr. Walton."

At last she has arrived at the name which has been foremost. And now the hot tears come rolling down her blistered, burning cheek, and she wipes her eyes with her rent and grimy sleeve; their garments are very much torn as well as very dirty.

And Major Coote passes an hour in hearing the Guru discourse. The Ramanandi could not have had a full talk about his creed only with a Kant or a Spinoza. His present auditor is no metaphysician; but he is a willing listener, and though he has to ask for explanation of some philosophical terms, he has a good colloquial knowledge of the language. And so the Guru launches out into a long discourse on the history and peculiar tenets of his sect.

He describes how the sect was founded by Ramanand and extended by Kabir, who attacked the idolatrous worship of the Brahminical system, and whose teaching greatly influenced Nanuk, the founder of the Sikh religion; how he taught the doctrine of the identity of God and man, God in us and we in him; that old doctrine of the indwelling God, only so recognizable, "in whom we live and move and have our being" — as St. Paul, quoting from an early pantheistic writer, put it — from whom all things are, who produced and maintains and pervades all that is; the old Sufy doctrine of the Mahomedans, a doctrine asserted by Grotius and Archbishop Tillotson, and set forth by Pope in his "Essay on Man": —

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul;

how in the world and throughout the universe "all the existing corpuscles of life derive the effluence of existence from the source of real unity;" how this applies to animals, to all living creatures, as well as to man; how all life is therefore sacred, to destroy it therefore most culpable, to cherish it therefore most meritorious.

It may, perhaps, interest some reader to know that Archbishop Tillotson has set forth this portion of the old doctrine — that the life of animals is divine, that they too have immortal souls — likewise in his writings. These are his words:

"Immortality imports that the soul remains after the body, and is not corrupted or dissolved with it. And there is no inconvenience in attributing this sort of immortality to the brute creation . . . whether they return into the soul and spirit of the world, if there be any such thing, as some fancy, or whether they pass into the bodies of other animals which succeed in their room, is not necessary to be particularly determined. It is sufficient that they are a sort of spirits. And as this was always the common philosophy of the world, so we find it to be a supposition of Scripture, which attributes souls to brutes as well as to man, though of a much inferior nature."

And now the terrible heat and glare and the fiery, furious, dust-laden gale, are upon them. Now the mother and daughters seek shelter within the hut, which has been devoted to their exclusive use; and soon they come out again to seek relief from its stifling atmosphere. But the heat and the glare without are terrible. The vast open plain before them seems like a sea of fire. Little whirlwinds fly about on it; huge dusky dust-cones move slowly across it. The natives hold that each of these contains a devil; that the smaller whirlwinds are due to the twirling about of the mad little demons, or imps; the dust columns to the graver movements of the devils of a superior age and size and station. Certainly here is the burning marl, here the fiery cope of heaven, of Milton's Pandemonium; and here may be Satan and Belial and Beelzebub, and the lesser evil spirits. Then the women retire again into the comparative darkness of the hut, which also prevents the hot wind from blowing directly upon them. Then they rush out again, unable to endure its choking heat. Fierce the heat, terrible the glare, dreadful the fiery, dust-laden wind. But the fierce heat is also their friend; the terrible glare is also their ally; the fiery, dust-laden wind is also their protector. They prevent people from being abroad at this hour. Not a soul comes near the hut. It is, however, like purchasing salvation at the stake. The warmth is considerable. But the centuries go by, and so do the hours. The sun is now dropping down towards the west. The hot wind has begun to lull. The glare which had been torturing becomes only painful; then only disagreeable. But the mental sufferings of the poor women increase as their bodily sufferings diminish. Their fears rise as the sun goes down. The time for movement and traffic has

come again. Now may travellers be expected to appear upon the lonely track. But still it is delightful that the fierce turmoil of the sunshine has ended, that the blustering of the wind has ceased. How soothing is the sense of quiet! The flagellation is over. If they do not as yet enjoy the direct physical pleasure of these May nights; if the darkness, soft and black as the eyes of the daughters of the land, is not yet upon them, to lull and soothe the tortured senses; if the coolness has not yet passed into the air to refresh and revive them — still they enjoy all the pleasure of relief. If this evening glow is vivid, it is very different from the fierce incandescence of the midday hours, and this warmish evening air is very different from the fiery hot wind. The wide-spread solitary plain conveys a sense of peace and quiet. So they sit by the side of the well and enjoy the cool of the evening. The cool of the evening! — you must have passed through the heat of an Eastern day to know what that means. Then you will understand how it was thought to be pleasant to the Almighty himself. And they watch, feel, the decrease in the warmth and brightness, the increase in the coolness and darkness, with a mental as well as a physical joy, with a delight of the soul as well as of the body. For the former meant danger as well as suffering, the latter means safety as well as pleasure. The day is their enemy, their betrayer; the night their protector, their friend.

What is that cloud of dust upon the track? Is it a herd of cattle? Is it the delivering escort, the escort sent to bring them in? How the hearts of the women beat! It is a troop of horsemen, there is soon no doubt of that. And it comes from the right direction, from the eastward. It comes nearer and nearer. And now the horsemen have left the dusty track and are riding along the harder surface of the plain, and stand out clear above it. What is this? Surely that is the bizarre uniform, so familiar in their eyes, of the nuwâb of Khizrabad's cavalry? The officers have often laughed at it; they do not feel inclined to laugh at it now.

"Not your men! The nuwâb's men!" cries the Guru. "Into the hut at once, before they see you."

But they have seen them, as is too surely testified by their shouting and yelling; and now they come dashing onward. There is a great commotion among the fugitives. The men hurry the women toward the hut, and hurry them in, and, humiliating as they may feel it, hurry in

very fast themselves. They all scuttle in, like rabbits into a burrow. But there is nothing else to be done. And the galloping horsemen have soon reached the edge of the platform. "Feringhee! Feringhee!" they shout. One man leaps off his horse, and throwing his reins to another and waving his naked sword above his head, is about to leap on the platform, preparatory to rushing into the hut, when the Guru, who has also mounted on to the platform, confronts him.

"What! would you dare set foot in my place of worship?" he cries. "Do you not see the images?" and he points to the pottery figures of the curly-tailed monkey-god.

Great is the power of superstition; nay, great is the power of sentiment — the sentiment of religion, of honor, or of good taste. The young man stands still.

"And the hut is part of the platform, and is therefore also sacred and holy, a sanctuary. No man dare set foot within it."

"But you would not protect these Feringhees, these foreigners, these oppressors, these slayers of kine," says the leader of the troop of horsemen.

"They are slayers of kine. But they too have within them the spark divine. I must protect them, as I would protect any other living thing — wolf, or cat, or dog. Besides, they are now in sanctuary, and even a murderer, one who has slain his brother man, is safe in sanctuary."

"But we have the nuwâb's orders to seize these people."

"These people — why these people?"

"Oh, we know these are the people — three women and four men, who were confined in the guest-house at Chundpore, and who got out of it no one knows how — by the power of magic some say. A young Brahmin came to the nuwâb's palace and gave information about them —"

"The strayer from the path of righteousness," exclaims the recluse.

"And we were sent to bring them in. The Brahmin had boasted that they were like birds in a net, and lo! when we reach the village we find the birds flown. We rest and eat our bread, and then we ride about the country in search of them, and at last a shepherd boy who had been in this jungle, tells us he had seen a number of English people, six or seven, in it, near your *takia*" (resting-place; literally, pillow), "and so we determine to come here, and here we find them."

"And they are now in sanctuary."

"But, Sir Guru, you are not aware, per-

haps, that the reign of the Company is over and that of the nuwâb re-established. By sheltering these people you will not now obtain the favor of the former, but only incur the displeasure of the latter."

"What care I, who have left the world, for Company or nuwâb? What care I for kings or princes? Ramanand is my only prince, Kabir my only king. Their commands alone do I obey, and their command upon me is to help in the sustaining of life, and not in the destroying of it."

"Then you refuse to obey the orders of the nuwâb?"

"Yes—and you may go back and tell him so."

"That will not do, good father," says the horseman, with a laugh. "And return to find the birds flown again! No, no! If it is your business to protect these people, it is mine to try to capture them. Each man to his work. If you have to obey the commands of Kabir, I have to obey those of the nuwâb."

It may be imagined with what feelings those within the hut listen to this disputation—how they feel the presence of these men, whose hands are almost upon them. The horsemen have placed themselves all round the platform. And the heads of some of the horses are so near the door of the hut that those sitting within can feel their hot breath.

"As you refuse to let us enter the hut, all I have to do now is to send word to the palace and take care that these people do not get away. We must bivouac here for the night," says the leader of the troopers. He then gives the order to dismount; dispatches a couple of men to Khizrabad, and then places a couple of men on sentry at each side of the hut—they are within some six feet of the doorway leading into it. The other men then off-saddle and tether their horses and prepare for the night. They make a huge bonfire, not of course for the sake of the warmth, or for the purpose of cooking—a handful of the parched grain they have brought with them and some water from the well will supply their simple wants—but partly to illumine the spot during the present darkness, and chiefly to give them lights for their hookas, those hookas which play so important a part in their lives, the giving or withholding of which is the mark of brotherhood or of social ostracism. The refusal of the hookah and of water to drink, to a man, is a sign that he is out-cast. A man will face death rather than the terrors of that *hooga pani bund*—"pipe and water forbidden"—as the se-

poys were showing by refusing to use the new cartridge, which would have brought that terrible penalty upon them.

And now the moon is rising, and now mounting upward, and now at the zenith, and now beginning to decline. And her usually delightful presence is to-night marked with as much physical suffering to the fugitives as the flaming presence of the tyrant sun had been. Cool as it is without, it is terribly hot within the hut, more especially during the earlier hours of the night; and that heat is of course added to greatly by their being so many of them within its narrow limits, and the suffering from it enhanced by the tainting of the air to which that overcrowding leads. What their sufferings were like will be understood by those who have read the simple narrative, by one of the survivors, of that terrible night in the black hole of Calcutta, a true tale more awful than any feigned story of horror that any poet ever imagined or penned. It is only the open doorway that keeps them alive. It is only at its open space that they can breathe a life-sustaining, and not a life-destroying air. They take it by turns to be near it. They have only the snatches of sleep that utter exhaustion forces upon them. They have to sit on the earthen floor in constrained and irksome postures. No wonder that young Hamilton can hardly resist the temptation to dash out of the place and shift in the open for himself. And they cannot but entertain the dread that the sacred character of the hut and platform may suddenly fail to protect them. Some man, bolder or more bloodthirsty than the rest, may suddenly disregard them. The floors of sanctuaries, of mosques, and temples, as well as of churches and cathedrals have often been stained with blood. But the moon mounts up the eastern curve of the heavenly vault and descends the western one, and the horror-laden hours go by. And then from their doorway, which looks east, they can see the sky begin to brighten; and then they watch the blazing morning star lose its splendor and fade away in the light of the daffodil sky—as I have seen it often from the door of my tent. And, as the light quickens, the range of their vision across the widespread barren plain increases. And now what is that upon it? A mass of some kind. And does the range of their vision still continue to increase, or is it that the mass is coming nearer? It must be the latter. It is drawing nearer fast. A herd of cattle? It moves too fast for that. What can it be? Horsemen? Yes! More

of the nuwâb's cavalry? They might come that way, but they would be more likely to come the other.

It has now become necessary for us to follow the movements of Colonel Grey, and so of the Campbells who escaped from Khizrabad with him. We have arrived at the last day of our tale; we must now go back to its fourth day, the day of the outbreak at Khizrabad.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN common with the other English families of the cantonment, the Campbells passed the greater part of that fatal day out in the open air, on the Ridge, by the side of the flagstaff tower. Mrs. Campbell and the little girl pass them, seated in their little carriage; but Dr. Campbell passes them directly in the midst of the flaming rays of the sun, which have such power to kill, and which were specially inimical to a man of Dr. Campbell's build. There is no little demand on his professional services, and he cannot help moving from carriage to carriage, helping and cheering the poor wives whose husbands are away with their regiments, and, alas! too soon, consoling those whose husbands have been killed. And the sufferings caused by the heat are enhanced by the continually increasing anxiety, by the shock of adverse circumstances. First comes the defection of the 66th and the slaying of the officers, whose wives, too soon widows, are sitting here upon the Ridge. Then comes the explosion of the magazine, which was both seen and heard; for many who had their eyes fixed on the city spread out before them saw the great mass of flame leap up into the air; and the roar was heard by all, and the dense black column of smoke was seen by all. And then came the return of Colonel Grey, with the news of the closing of the Jumoo Gate behind him; which means the defection of the sepoys and the loss of the guns within it. The superiority of numbers is now entirely on the side of the mutineers, so Brigadier Moss decides there is nothing to be done but to get the women and children out of the place as quickly as may be. He determines to retire on Nurnal, a station about thirty miles off, on the Jumoo Road, the road that ran through the cantonment. The order is given. The Grenadiers lead the way; then comes the long array of carriages, and the six companies of the 76th bring up the rear. They descend from the Ridge on to the Jumoo Road, this length of which constitutes, as we know, the Mall. The con-

course of vehicles, of many different kinds, on the Mall, the local Rotten Row, of an evening, was one of the sights of the place; but never before had the Mall witnessed such a concourse as this. And now the cavalcade has reached the head of the road leading to the lines of the 76th and trailed slowly by it; but when the leading files of the 76th arrive at the opening they suddenly, and without any word of command given, wheel into it; and now with loud yells and cries the men of the 76th are rushing towards their lines in a disorderly mass, and all the efforts of their officers to stop them are fruitless. This desertion does not arrest, but rather accelerates the progress of the cavalcade, whose rear is so left defenceless. And now it has almost reached the cantonment boundary. The great imperial highway passes very near to the lines of the Grenadiers, and that nearness proves too much for them. They cannot go away and leave all their little belongings, their pots and pans, and bedding and clothing, and little store of savings behind them. They follow the example of the 76th. They break their ranks and make a rush for the lines, and soon every individual man is inside his own separate hut. In vain does Colonel Grey, who has, of course, gone with them, cause the "assembly" to sound. The native officers beg of him, and the other English officers, to go away; they cannot get each sepoy out of his hut, and if they attempt to do so mischief may befall some of them, the regiment might be stained with further and more unforgivable crime; there are of course some evil characters in it.

There is indeed nothing further to be done. Most of the officers hasten after the retreating cavalcade in which are the wives and children of many of them. And the movements of the cavalcade had been still further accelerated by the defection of the Grenadiers. It has now no protectors at all, behind or before, in front or rear. The retreat has now become a flight. And in that flight took place many a curious, many a tragic, many a comic scene; in it was displayed many an act of heroic generosity, many an act of detestable selfishness. But with these we have nothing to do in the present narrative. None of those whose movements we have undertaken to follow went that way. For Colonel Grey does not mean to leave the station. If he cannot remain with his regiment he will remain near it. He determines to take up his quarters with his friend the Rajah Gunput Rao. But he

must go first to the Campbells' bungalow. He has some documents and some cherished memorials there which he should like to take away with him. Just as he is approaching the Campbells' house he finds the Campbells themselves coming away from it. They had gone to it, intending to rejoin the retreating column afterwards, on an errand similar to his own, only to find it in the hands of a mob, which had almost taken their lives. It was only Campbell's good deeds that had saved them. Some of the crowd had stood forward in their defence. One of them, who has the gift of oratory so often to be found among the lower orders in India, and which finds exercise in the meetings of the Punchayuts, exerts it in their behalf.

"You would not hurt the healer?" he cries. "You would not wound the curer of wounds? You would not deprive the saver of life of life? You would not put to death one who has rescued so many of us from death?"

"No, never! That cannot be. We must do good to those who have done good to us. Assuredly Jan Cammill Sahib and those belonging to him shall suffer no hurt at our hands." And he led the carriage out of the compound.

"They are plundering the house, they will destroy everything in it," says Dr. Campbell to Colonel Grey, in a strange, thick, husky voice.

The loss of one's house and furniture is not pleasant to any one—least of all, perhaps, to a Scotchman. And in this case the house and furniture were very valuable, and from the Campbells' long residence here both had come to form a part and portion of their lives, to enter into the texture of it, as does not often happen with the nomadic Anglo-Indian. But it is not these things that affect John Campbell. It is the loss of his books, of his large collection of notes and memoranda, of his large botanical, and entomological, and other collections. This terrible and unexpected event robs him not only of the past but of the future. He had meant to devote the leisure of his years of retirement to the writing of books, for which these were to furnish the material. And now all that labor of collection had been in vain, and all those visions of future delightful labor and usefulness, and perchance fame, have vanished.

"I shall not go on to Nurnal, but remain here with the Rajah Gunput Rao. You had better come there, too. Our troops from Abdoolapore are sure to be

here to-night or to-morrow morning," says Grey.

"Yes," says Mrs. Campbell, looking apprehensively at her husband, who seems to be in a kind of daze.

They have reached the Ridge, and the emptiness of the road by the side of the flagstaff tower, which had been so crowded during all those midday hours, strikes strangely upon their senses—seems to have a palpable presence. And now they have entered the Ajmere Road, on which the Rajah Gunput Rao's palace stands, and to their surprise—the reader will remember that it passed through a populous suburb near by here—find it, too, empty; but the city has to-day drawn all the surrounding population into it as a whirlpool sucks in the surrounding particles of water. They have reached the gateway of the rajah's palace. Colonel Grey is not surprised to find the gate closed, but he is surprised to find that the men on guard refuse to open it to him.

"You know who I am?"

"Oh, yes!"—in an off-hand and not the usually deferential manner. "But we have orders not to let any one in—more especially no Europeans."

"But I am the rajah's friend."

"Our orders are imperative."

"You will let him know that I am here."

"Well, we will do that."

Then Grey has to remain for a long time standing before the gate; and then to ask them to send up to the house again; and then again. And the evening light is fading away; the cawing crows are flying overhead in flocks, making their way from the city to their distant roosting-grounds; night is at hand. At last the rajah appears. He is closely followed by two attendants, who not only have sword by side and buckler on back, but carry matchlocks in their hands, while the rajah himself has a brace of pistols conspicuous in his belt.

"What do you want?" he says rudely, and not hastening eagerly to shake hands, as he would have done yesterday.

"We have come to ask you to put us up for the night."

"I cannot put you up," says the rajah, in the same rude tone of voice.

"Why not?" asks Grey, much surprised.

"*Merce khushi*" (my pleasure), says the rajah grandly.

"And is this your friendship?"

"Friendship! What friendship?" says Gunput Rao scornfully.

"Your friendship toward me."

"I am a man of royal blood. I have friendship only with nobles and princes. But because of my favorable disposition toward you in past times — what you are pleased to term my friendship — I will give you some good advice. Get away from here as fast as you can, and get down to Calcutta as fast as you can, and then take ship for England as fast as you can."

"Why for?" (Grey was speaking Hindustani.)

"Because your *raj*" (rule) "is now over, and ours re-established."

It would be impossible to convey any idea of the tone of intense satisfaction with which these words are spoken. It is perhaps best, after all, that one nation should not conquer another.

"And I will give you a bit of friendly advice, too," says Colonel Grey; "you had better get out of the Company's territory, and hide yourself somewhere as fast as you can."

He mounts his horse and they move on.

"We may as well keep to this road, and then cross over to the Jumoo Road by the Goorgaon cross-road," says Grey. "It will be almost as short as going back, and more safe."

And now they arrive at the edge of the huge, barren plain over which Colonel Grey and Gunput Rao had ridden in friendly rivalry only so few days before. (They are to meet hereafter in far less friendly rivalry on the plains of Bundelkhand.) And now they enter on the level expanse; and now it seems to spread illimitably around them; and now they have reached its further limit, and once more there are groves and hamlets around them. They are moving across a fertile tract where the lights still twinkle in the villages. And mile succeeds mile, and the road is even, straight, and level, and the scenery of a precisely similar character. They have met very few people on the road, and now they meet none at all. It is the dead of night; the moon is riding straight overhead; she is speeding across the sky and they are moving slowly along the road; and so on across fertile tract and barren plain. Then the little mare who has brought them so gallantly so far breaks down suddenly — suddenly collapses altogether. The road is beautifully smooth and level; but the carriage is low, and Dr. Campbell heavy, and the mare slightly built, and she has been in harness for nearly seventeen hours, out all day in the sun, and not had her usual food or drink. She has now exerted herself

almost to the bursting of her heart; she has given them her last ounce of strength; she can proceed now only at a hobbling walk. Dr. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell dismount and walk, Campbell leading the mare, the groom having disappeared. As they can proceed now only at a foot's pace, Grey too dismounts from his horse; he has been nearly twenty hours in the saddle. They wonder that they do not come to the Goorgaon cross-road; they have, in reality, passed it by without knowing it. The moon which was so radiant in the zenith now hangs pallid and wan in the western sky. And now the grey, unbroken vault of heaven stands out distinct and clear; now it begins to brighten. The vast, level fallow and the groves and trees and villages stand out in hard distinctness. Then suddenly groves and trees and villages disappear, and cease and determine, and they are looking into vacancy. They have arrived at the edge of the great western desert, between which and the Himalayan wall lies the flat, open tract between the Jumna and Sutlej, which forms the portal of the rich Gangetic valley, and the proximity to which, on a rocky elevation, was one of the things that gave Khizrabad, as Delhi with it, its importance. They move on into it for a little way and then resolve to rest — they have nothing to fear in so lonely a spot. The men throw themselves on the ground and sleep there until the first rays of the sun come rushing over the land, and they move on again. At last they have reached the cross-road, as they imagine, and turn into it. Their progress is now slower than ever, for the road is not a metalled one, but a mere earthen or rather sandy track. And the tyrant sun is bounding upward. The early morning rays of the sun are held to be very dangerous; they strike you under your hat, take you on an empty stomach. There are very empty stomachs here; they feel sick and dizzy, but still they go toiling on. They arrive at a long stretch of sand-hills. The sharp crests and the long, smooth, softly curving, intervening hollows make it appear as if the flat, sandy desert had been suddenly heaved up into billows. And the road, or track rather, goes straight up and down them, and at one of the rises the mare gives in altogether, and they have to unyoke her and abandon the carriage. The sun's rays grow more powerful every moment; the daily hot wind has begun to blow; the sand rises up in clouds to blind and choke them. The hot air now trembles and quivers and dances upon the surface of the earth as it does over the

mouth of a furnace. The glare is awful. And what will the dust be when the wind has attained to greater strength? If the midday hours are terrible even in the midst of the cultivated grove, and tree-covered tracts, what will they be here in the sandy desert? Then they rejoice as they see before them trees and a sheet of water; and press eagerly toward them; and find it a mirage. The little girl begins to flag and lag. Her father lifts her up and carries her, first on one shoulder and then on another, though he himself is moving with palpably uncertain, staggering steps.

"Put her down, John, you cannot carry her," cries Mrs. Campbell. "She is too heavy for you."

But he still persists in carrying her; now in his arms and pressed against his breast. The child puts her cheek against his cheek, and he presses her closer to his breast. Then Mrs. Campbell calls out to Colonel Grey, who has been walking ahead:—

"Here is John will carry Helen when he is not able to."

"We'll put her on Musjid" (his charger); and they do so, and Dr. Campbell walks by the side of the good, noble Arab horse, with his arm behind the child, and he seems to rest a good deal of his weight on that arm. The heat increases even more, and the simoon blows in even more furious blasts, and raises up even denser clouds of dust. At last they arrive at a long stretch of the thorny bushes which camels are brought to feed on, and they see the promontories and small heads and long necks of some of those ungainly beasts looming up against the sky—and then they come on the men in charge of them. They find from them that they have gone astray altogether. This track leads to Powayn. Powayn is the name of the chief—in fact, the only—town of a curious little oasis in the desert, a fertile island in the sea of sand, which forms an independent state, and is at present ruled over by the well-known raneé of Powayn.

"How far is Powayn?"

"Five or six miles."

"Would the raneé sahib give us shelter?"

"Most assuredly. Is not the fame of her beneficence spread throughout the universe?" He sincerely thought it was. "We are about to return with our camels. We will conduct you to the palace." The big lumbering beasts are got together, and tied nose and tail, and then they set off.

When they have passed out of the scrub they come to a stony track, where the heat is, if possible, still greater; and then the track winds between stony hillocks where the heat is even greater still. And then Colonel Grey and Mrs. Campbell utter a loud exclamation. Before them lies a shining lake, across the bottom of which extends the long buttressed wall or dam which holds the water up and gives the lake its existence; while at the top nestles a little stone-built city, and along either side are pretty temples, and bathing ghats, and rows of tall, umbrageous trees. They feel as did the Israelites when, coming out of the desert, they first caught sight of the promised land.

"Send a man for some water," says Campbell, in a thick, muffled voice; "I cannot go any farther without some. I have such a pain in my back. I must sit down."

And he seats himself in the ineffectual shadow of a neem-tree growing near.

"What is the matter, John? You are not ill?" says Mrs. Campbell, seating herself by his side.

"I have such a pain in my back. I must lie down."

"You cannot lie down on the ground, it is so hot. Put your head on my lap."

"The child! the child! Call her; bring her!"

Colonel Grey lifts the little girl off the horse, and she runs forward and seats herself by her father's side. He casts one long, longing look at her; he lifts himself up and utters some uncomprehended words, and then lays himself down again—and is dead. And those three, whom we have seen so lively together, are now together stone still. A new and strange fear and awe has begun to arise within the child, but she has not as yet realized fully what has happened. And for the moment Mrs. Campbell is stricken dumb, petrified with grief and horror and surprise. She had seen that the exposure of the day before had affected her husband greatly, but she had never expected him to be thus struck down—he, the strong man. And then she gives way to her passionate grief; but, in her present weak condition, it is not so passionate as it will be hereafter. The aged, with their enfeebled powers, do not feel sorrow as do the young and strong; and, in the sick chamber, the pain and grief of those in full health by the side of the bed is greater than that of the exhausted sufferer passing away upon it.

Thus died John Campbell, the man of

the strong brain and the gentle heart and the skilful hand; thus did his happy and useful and well-lived life come to an end.

The ranee received and treated them with the utmost kindness. She expressed her deepest sympathy with Mrs. Campbell in her grief. Was she not herself a widow — a widow with an only child? Though hers, thank heaven, was a boy, and not a girl. Mrs. Campbell could not have met with greater kindness in the house of her own mother than she met with here. She departed hence deeply impressed with the fact that hearts as gentle and kindly may beat under the simple linen pap-upholders as under the stiffer made and more elaborate corset; under brown skins as under white. And Colonel Grey reflects over the problem — so often presented to us in the history of India — of how women brought up in the confinement, physical and moral and mental, as it seems to us, of the zenana, should come to possess the qualities which enable them to rule the world around them, the world they have never seen. Here was a young woman who has passed from the seclusion of her father's house to the seclusion of her husband's, and who yet administered the affairs of her little kingdom with the utmost prudence and skill. The ranee presses them to remain with her for a week — for a month; but Colonel Grey has now determined to go to Abdoolapore, the large military centre, and is anxious to get there at once. They bury John Campbell under a mango-tree by the side of the lake; and, two or three years afterwards, a large block of granite came from his native land to mark the spot. And then on Thursday morning — that is to say, about two o'clock in the morning — they start for Abdoolapore in the ranee's palanquins, and guarded by her cavalry; and, resting during the heat of the day in the house of a zemindar, a connection of the ranee's, they reach Abdoolapore late in the afternoon. Colonel Grey proceeds at once to the house of the brigadier, in order to make his arrival known to him; Mrs. Campbell and the little girl being carried off to the late empty barrack, in which so many of the ladies of the station have now found a temporary home. The fat old gentleman receives Grey in his office — the room is a very cool one. Grey is the first man who has arrived from Khizrabad to give an account of all that has happened there — to give an account of those sad and terrible and memorable and historical events. He cannot but be excited in narrating them; but he produces

no excitement in his listener. The old man's indifference is so great that Grey's indignation and disgust are swallowed up in astonishment. When Grey tells of the blowing up of the arsenal, the old gentleman says it must have made a great noise! — that is all. The only time he shows a little excitement is when Grey dwells, all the more strongly because of the old fellow's apathy, on the fact of the events of that day at Khizrabad having been governed by the continual expectation of the arrival of the English troops from here — Abdoolapore.

"Nonsense!" says the old man. "English troops cannot be sent out without tents and proper commissariat arrangements in such weather as this. They cannot be sent out under canvas at all. And I have to dress now, Grey; and you must send me an official report; and come and dine, and you can tell me more about it then."

As Grey jumps up angrily from his seat, he knocks over the waste-paper basket. As he is picking up the bits of paper from the floor and putting them back, one of them catches his eye.

"Why, this is Fane's handwriting."

"It is the bit of paper the spy had on him. He pretended it was English, and it is not."

"No; it is French."

"A filthy piece of Hindostanee paper. He must have thought me very green."

"May I read it, sir?"

"If you like — if you can. I must go now." And the old man, having risen from his chair with some difficulty, begins to toddle towards the door of the room.

"It is stated in this piece of paper," says Grey impressively, "that three English ladies and four English officers are in hiding not far from here, and ask for help."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" cries the old man — he had had his afternoon sleep, and was impatient for his evening drive. "A filthy piece of Hindostanee paper — chuck it back into the basket. Will see you at dinner."

"What has become, sir, of the man who brought the paper?"

"Is in confinement; is to be tried tomorrow by court-martial; will probably be hung. Most villainous-looking rascal."

"May I go and see him, sir?"

"Certainly, if you like; go at once," says the old man, impatient to be rid of him.

Grey does go at once, and learns the particulars of the case from the young

disciple, who has so nearly lost his life in carrying out his teacher's commands. He gets back to the brigadier's house, just as the old man has come back from his drive, and is having his usual glass of sherry and bitters, and states what he has heard; gives it as his opinion that the man is telling the truth, and that the paper has come from some fugitives from Khizrabad. He has no doubt that the handwriting is that of Fane, and the three ladies may be his wife and daughters.

"Very good, the handwriting is that of Fane; and yet you said that you thought that he must have been blown up in the arsenal. Pooh-pooh! the fellow is lying; he looks a scoundrel. It is some dodge, some ruse."

Grey's proposition that a small body of troops should be sent out with the messenger to bring these English people in—at all events to see whether they are there or not—is met with a decided refusal. The brigadier has not been able to send any troops out of the place, and is not able to do so now; for this unanswerable reason: if he sends out a force of such strength that it will satisfy him of its power to defend itself, then he will endanger the garrison here; and if he keeps a sufficient number of men in the garrison to make it secure, why then he cannot send out a force of such strength as will satisfy him of its power to defend itself. From that position nothing will move him. Grey's arguments and remonstrances, carried far beyond the limits of military subordination, are all in vain; and now dinner is announced. But Grey gets away immediately after it. He has heard that a number of the civilians of the place have formed themselves into a body of volunteer cavalry. He goes to the man in immediate command of it, and lays the case before him. Certainly, these English people must be at the faquir's hut, and an effort must be made to bring them in. His volunteers will go out fast enough, but he must obtain the permission of the "magistrate and collector" under whose supreme command the volunteers are. Certainly; the magistrate and collector is a man the very antipodes of the brigadier, against whom he is furious; his own authority is paralyzed by the fat old man's supineness. Certainly; the volunteer cavalry shall go out, and he himself will accompany it with some of his mounted policemen. But all this has taken time, and it is not until about four o'clock in the morning that the little troop of horsemen ride forth on their plucky mission.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THOSE on whose behalf the gallant little band had ridden forth had observed, in the early dawn of the morning, from the door of the hut, whose sacred character, which might or might not continue to be respected, formed their only protection, a mass of some kind appear on the level expanse of the open plain before them. What is it? A herd of cattle? No, it moves too high for that.

"It is a troop of horsemen," says Major Coote. But their eager eyes do not discern the well-known uniform of the crack cavalry regiment at Abdoolapore. Surely it cannot be another band of the nuwâb's troopers. For now there is a sudden commotion among the men of the band already here, a sudden calling to one another, and awakening of one another, and the leader shouts out, "Saddle, saddle!" and there is a quick saddling of the horses. Fane and Hay, looking out at the door of the hut, have to relate what is going on to the poor, half-sick, half-stified people within.

"Yes, they are horsemen; and coming from the direction of Abdoolapore."

"The fellows here are saddling and mounting."

In the East the horses of the sun gallop fast. The dim light over the plain has given place to a clear, white brightness. The changes from light to darkness and from darkness to light at the end and beginning of the day are very swift. If in the evening it is like the sudden dropping of a curtain, in the morning it is like the sudden raising of one. Or to go back to the original simile, which arose so naturally in the East, if the chariot goes rushing away from you very fast of an evening, it comes rushing toward you very fast of a morning. The light upon the plain is now vivid, quite sufficient for purposes of clearest vision; very soon it will be too much in excess for that.

"Feringhees," shout the nuwâb's horsemen.

"O! Ah! Haw!" says Major Fane, at the door of the hut.

"I thank thee, O my God!" Hay thinks that the fervent thanksgiving has risen up only in his heart; he does not know that he has uttered it aloud with his lips.

"I can see solah-hats. They are Englishmen," yells young Hamilton.

Mrs. Fane's thoughts and feelings have always been of a firm and clear and determinate character, but at this moment they

are very much blurred and confused. For a very unmistakable English "hurrah!" has penetrated into the innermost recesses of the hut, and there is the sound of the galloping of horses, of the discharge of firearms. And Hay rushes out of the hut, and leaps over the little monkey-gods, who protect the faquir's hut as effectually as his tallest grenadiers guard the palace of the czar, and Hamilton follows him. And what they see is the nuwâb's horsemen galloping away and the other body of horsemen pursuing them. And then they see the latter returning, and Fane and Coote have joined them and now there is a great interchange of cheers and then a great shaking of hands.

"You here, Grey!" cries Coote. "Did your fellows mutiny too?"

"Well, no — not quite. But we will talk about that another time. Why, we thought you were blown up with your arsenal, Fane."

And then Mrs. Fane and her daughters are tenderly helped out. And the hearts of their rescuers are deeply moved within them, for they can see from their looks, from the condition of their arms and necks and shoulders and faces, how terribly they must have suffered — see and know fully what I have been able but inadequately to describe or convey. They can see that it is torture to poor Lilian to put her blistered feet to the ground. She cannot now walk. They must get some means of conveyance for her. Some of them are thinking of riding back to a village they passed on the way to see if they can find a vehicle there, when a little cart is seen moving along the track. They take possession of this — requisition it. It is a miserable little springless cart, but still it must do. It certainly is torture sitting in it on the unmade track, but luckily they soon arrive at a smooth, metalled road.

The rescued ones load the Byragee with thanks as they take leave of him, and they ask what they can do for him hereafter.

"Nothing," says the holy man. "I have no desires — no wants."

"But you have laid us all under such great obligation to you," says Hay fervently, glancing toward Beatrice, "that we should like to be able to exhibit our gratitude in some way."

"Nay," said the Kabirpanthi, "the obligation is all on my side. You have afforded me the chance of saving seven most precious human lives. How can I repay you for that? I rejoice only to be able to assuage thirst. To save a human life — what honor, what glory, what joy!"

"But it would be a great pleasure to us to know in what way we could give you any pleasure," says Hay earnestly.

"Well," says the self-made recluse, "I see that in the months to come there will be much shedding of human blood. Alas! alas! If you will let one man live in my name I shall be amply repaid for all I have done for you."

It can easily be imagined what a reception the fugitives met with from their fellow-countrymen in Abdoolapore. They were overwhelmed with offers of assistance. They had arrived in the place clothless, homeless, penniless. Money; house accommodation, such as there is; clothes, such as will fit them — are all soon at their command. It will be understood with what triumph and joy his fellow-countrymen welcomed Major Fane, who had done the great deed that was to stand out as one of the greatest deeds of the time. Congratulations and felicitations flow in upon him, so that his "oh! ah!" and "hah!" are in constant requisition. "Glad to see you, Fane," says the fat old brigadier. "Could not spare any troops to send out for you, but glad to see you. Come and dine."

It will be understood with what grateful hearts they lay down to sleep that night, how fervent was Hay's thanksgiving ere he did so.

Our eighth day has ended. But we must go on a little further. The terrible exposure to the sun, and the privations and fatigue and anxiety she had undergone, threw Mrs. Fane into a fever from which she did not recover for a long while; and Lilian suffered greatly from her torn and cut feet, and could not stand on them for many months; and Beatrice nursed them both. And many others. Many of the English soldiers suffered from various illnesses during the terrible summer and autumn months, and many were wounded in excursions. (The old brigadier had applied for sick leave to the hills, which had cheerfully been granted him; and his successor was a very different kind of man.) And in every gathering of English women and children in northern India then there was sure to be a daily increasing number of widows and orphans. And Beatrice Fane devoted herself to the assuagement of the bodily and mental sufferings of all. She tended the sick and wounded, she consoled the afflicted, the dying. With her slender, beautiful figure and her lovely face, her sweet voice, her tender, gentle ways, she seemed like some angelic being, and came to be called the

"ministering angel." Taking up too crowded a field of incident, I have not been able to make the characters properly known to the reader by their own speech as I should like to have done. Most especially do I regret this lost opportunity in the case of Beatrice Fane, with her firm and strong, lofty and noble, and yet sweet and gentle character. Then Mrs. Fane and her daughters had to go through a long period of anxiety on their own account. Major Fane and Hay both went to Delhi to take part in its famous siege. (Hay's fears for the loss of his arm had not been unfounded. He had, in fact, run a close risk of losing his life; but medical help came in time, if only just in time, and his excellent, unimpaired constitution enabled him soon to recover.) They both greatly distinguished themselves there. When the time came for the delivery of the final assault, and our batteries were being thrown up close under the walls, Fane especially distinguished himself by the coolness with which he, standing unconcerned in the midst of a storm of shell, directed the carrying on of the work in his battery, the furthest advanced and most important one — directed it with a bamboo stick, which was the successor of the Malacca cane, the loss of which represented the only personal damage he had sustained in the famous blowing up of the Khizrabad magazine. Hay threw himself heart and soul into the fight. He was actuated, no doubt, like any one else, by a desire for personal distinction; he entertained no doubt, as was natural to one in his position, a strong resentment against the mutinous sepoys. But he threw himself with all his soul into the fight because he thought it was a righteous one. Each side, of course, thought its own cause a righteous one. But the sepoys had stained their cause with blood. The land rang with horrors. Their hands were red with the blood of women and children. He was fighting against the heathen; he was fighting on the side of the cross. And so by next year Fane was Colonel Fane, V. C., C. B.; and Hay had made a still bigger jump, and was Colonel Hay, V. C., C. B., and had command of one of the new crack Sikh infantry regiments.

And Hay, who had declared that he could not have his marriage deferred to the December of this year, had to wait until the December of next year. And he and Beatrice Fane were married, as they would rather not have been, in the church at Khizrabad, for Colonel Fane was sta-

tioned there again. Perhaps elsewhere the marriage might have been a larger one. In the joy of her heart — the marriage satisfied her now in every way — Mrs. Fane might have insisted on its being a big, gay affair. But in a place so haunted by sad memories as this it could only be a very simple and quiet one. The "whole station" cannot be present at it, as would have been the case had it taken place, as intended, in the July of the preceding year. Besides the members of the family and Hay's friend, who acts as best man — poor Philip Lennox was to have filled the post — there are only four or five other people, chiefly relations, present. And Lilian is the only bridesmaid who follows Beatrice Fane to the altar.

The royal family of Khizrabad was transported from the banks of the Jumna to that of the Irrawaddy. There the Sikunder Begum soon ate out her heart. The nuwab mourned his exile and his fallen estate in many a much polished verse — surely the poets love to push the envenomed arrow further home, to sip of the poisoned draught; they must find some satisfaction in the misfortunes which afford them the occasion for melodious mourning. And he must sometimes have missed the splendid halls and chambers of the renowned palace fortress of Khizrabad; and he did very often miss his stroll along its lofty battlements. But still he was in reality very happy and contented. Had he not his books, his hookah, and his harem? Had he not got rid of his royal condition? Was he not now freed from all political worry? And so he lived on to an extreme old age.

We must go on a little further yet.

Thirty years have passed. The year 1887 dawns on British India even more gloriously than 1857. The January sun of 1857 had looked down on the dominions of the Honorable East India Company. The January sun of 1887 looks down on the empire of Victoria, queen of England and empress of India. It looks down on a great empire greatly administered. It looks down on a changed and transformed India — on a new India. It looks down on great changes — great improvements, for great canals and railways now traverse the land; the railroad and telegraph have annulled its vast intervening distances. It looks down on fine new cities — on the old ones made sweeter and brighter. It looks down on innumerable schools and colleges — on a new generation of educated natives; the stream of human learning which for so many generations had

flowed backward and forward between Europe and western Asia has now reached further from west to east and is flowing in full tide into India. It looks down on a people among whom has been an enormous diffusion of wealth — an enormous increase in the comforts of life. It looks down on a land in which peace and security, order and quiet, law and justice prevail in an eminent degree.

In Khizrabad the change that has taken place all over the land is epitomized. Not only great roads, but railways now radiate from it. The place of the old bridge of boats has been taken by a fine iron-girder bridge, one of that splendid series of bridges which now span almost all the rivers in India — even the lower Indus, and even the Ganges at Benares. The foul back slums and fetid alleys have been opened out and cleansed. Improved sanitation has caused the complete disappearance of many loathsome and torturing diseases. Star Street glitters more brightly than ever — glitters with its own gay, bright, indigenous wares; for if once we inflicted injury on some of the handicraftsmen of India by the introduction of our own manufactures (which was greatly to the benefit of the rest of the community), we have long since recompensed it tenfold, for the handicraftsmen of that land have had such employment during the past twenty years as was never known there before.

The ancient splendor of the renowned castle or palace-fortress of Khizrabad has passed away with its ancient use; it is now occupied by a regiment of English soldiers. But be it remembered that it was solely owing to the English that the royal family of Khizrabad had been able to occupy the palace and retain it for its ancient use for the half century preceding their final removal from it. Instead of the nuwābs, a municipal council, composed chiefly of natives, now governs Khizrabad. It holds its meetings in a splendid town hall, attached to which is a lofty clock-tower, since the completion of which the old historical gong above the main gateway of the palace has ceased to ring forth the hours as it had done for so many hundred years before.

The Ghilani Bagh has been greatly improved. You see natives strolling about in it as you did not do of yore, and in some of the finest equipages on the Mall you see natives sitting, though not yet with their wives.

And Khizrabad, as Delhi, has been effected by one great public change — a
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most important and historical change. We have said that the ancient importance of Khizrabad, as Delhi, was due to its standing at the highest point of the navigation of the Jumna, where a rocky ridge impinged on the river and allowed of a strong fortress to be built; of its standing at one end of the flat, open tract between the Sutlej and the Jumna, which was bounded by the stupendous wall of the Himalayas on one side and the wide wastes of the sandy desert on the other, and which formed the ancient portal or gateway into India. That portal has now been removed further westward; has been placed on the top of the great mountain chain that forms the western boundary of Hindostan.

The gun by the side of the flagstaff tower on the Ridge has sent forth its morning roar. The Hindoos of the town are flocking down to the river to bathe. The English people are on the move, driving about on business or pleasure. The doctor goes to visit his patients, the engineer his works. The commanding officers of the various regiments — there are Sikh ones here now — and the brigadier and the commissioner, and the civil surgeon, and the chaplain, and the manager of the bank, and the other prominent residents of the place are to be seen in the Ghilani Bagh this morning, as we saw them on that morning in May thirty years ago. We pace the streets that others have paced before us and others will pace after us. Ghost follows ghost. And that corner of the gardens where the watercourse makes a beautiful sweep through the little wood of the ancestral banyan-tree, and where we saw the English girls assembled together that morning, is still the place of favorite resort. We can note no change here except the typical one of an iron garden-seat having taken the place of the old wooden bench. There are two ladies on the seat. The young girl with the bright and blue-eyed face bears a strong resemblance to the Lilian Fane who formed one of that group of girls, as well she may, being indeed her daughter; and the pale but pretty middle-aged lady by her side is her mother, the Lilian Fane of old, but of course now Lilian Fane no longer. Her husband, Colonel Leslie, is now the commissioner here — Khizrabad, like Delhi, was placed under the Punjab government after the Mutiny — and Mrs. Leslie now lives in Melvil Hall. And the daughter who is now with her (she has several others, two of them married; she is, in fact, a grandmother) arrived from England only two

days ago, and though she has, of course, heard the story of her mother's escape from Khirabad, she has not heard it yet in fullest detail from her mother's lips. And Mrs. Leslie tells it to her now, seated here in the shadow of the banyan-tree. She tells her how they were gathered together in this spot to settle the dresses they were to wear on the occasion of Aunt Beatrice's wedding, and how the cobra appeared and grandpapa killed it; and of the terrible day of the outbreak, and how they escaped to the Jumoo Gate, and how, seeing some of their own light summer dresses lying there on the ground, and, picking one up, she saw under it the dead body of a young officer she knew very well and liked very much ("Poor fellow! he was only a boy; every one called him Tommy Walton; I can see his face now," says Mrs. Leslie, with a shudder); and how they were let down the wall, and the difficulty they had in crossing the ditch, and all that happened afterwards; and how they wandered about for three days and underwent terrible sufferings; told her own part of the tale that I have told to you.

The events of that time are graven very deeply on the minds of all who witnessed them. Reviewing my own work, I think they are graven too deeply for the purposes of fiction. You can manipulate fictitious events and characters as you will. You can make the events mold or bring out character, the character produce and bring about events. You can give the due proportion of space to the delineation of character or the narration of events. But in dealing with the real adventures of real people you are apt to forget that the characters of the actors are not as well known to the reader as to yourself, and every occurrence will insist upon being narrated exactly as it happened and at full length. You are apt to be overpowered with incident. The writer should dominate his events; but the events of the Indian Mutiny are sure to dominate the narrator. (We see this in every history of it as yet published.) But I have told the tale as best I could. Let the reader judge it leniently.

From Temple Bar.

THE BARD OF OLNEY.

WILLIAM COWPER is one of the strangest and most pathetic figures in the literary history of England. He had much

in common with another famous writer, and it would be easy to draw a parallel between William Cowper and Charles Lamb. In nothing is the resemblance closer than in the circumstance that both began by writing poetry and produced much sweet verse, while the prose of each is far more noteworthy than his poetry, and is among the best in the language. If neither had written a line or a sentence, the personal story of each would have ensured his name being remembered. Though the career of both was chequered and painful, yet it has a fascination for every reader, and, of the two, Cowper's is the sadder and the more curious.

While an English essayist naturally perceives a similarity between the lives and habits of thought of Cowper and Lamb, a French essayist, whose pre-eminence as a critic is indisputable, has pointed out that there is a point of contact between Cowper and Rousseau. No writer in any language has dealt more tenderly and genially with Cowper than Sainte-Beuve; none has better appreciated the delicate aroma of his verse and the gracefulness of his prose, or given a truer picture of Cowper as an author and a man. And among the many suggestive remarks which Sainte-Beuve made, there is none which is more striking when considered, though far-fetched in appearance, than that which runs: "Cowper believed himself to be condemned to irrevocable reprobation, just as Rousseau regarded himself as the victim of a universal conspiracy." Indeed, it is with great writers like Rousseau, in whom there was a strain of madness, that a resemblance to Cowper must be sought and an explanation of his peculiarities can be found.

It is but necessary, however, to note the points of resemblance between Cowper and Rousseau to be struck with the differences. There was not a grain of humor in the composition of the Genevese, while Cowper and Lamb were humorists to the core. Few things more comical have been penned than "The History of John Gilpin." Lamb himself never produced anything more diverting, and he would have gloried in writing such a ballad. Cowper wrote it, and repented having done so. In August, 1785, he informed the Rev. John Newton, "I am at least very unwilling to esteem 'John Gilpin' better worth than all the rest that I have written, and he has been popular enough." Lamb revelled in humor; Cowper deemed it wicked. Lamb loved a joke and delighted in punning; Cowper never joked or punned after his

illness without fearing lest he might render his desperate state still more hopeless. He worked hard with his hands and his pen to keep his mind from brooding upon the damnation which he believed to be his inevitable portion. If the topic were not painful, it would be a fit subject for mirth. In his younger days Cowper made rabbit-hutches, chairs, and tables, to distract his attention. In his later years he translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* with the same object. Few lives have been more original and extraordinary than his. His genius was so nearly allied to madness that the line of separation cannot be discerned. It may be doubted whether it ever existed.

William Cowper had many advantages of birth, being well connected on the side of both parents. A younger brother and he were the only surviving children of the Rev. Dr. Cowper, rector of Great Berkhamstead, and Anne, his wife, their mother dying after giving birth to John, who was six years younger than William, who was born on the 15th of November, 1731. John Cowper entered the Church, and died on the 20th of March, 1770.

William appears to have been more sensitive than delicate. He was harshly treated by an elder boy at the school of Dr. Pitman in Market Street, Hertfordshire, and he suffered much from his eyes. Moreover, he had an attack of small-pox at the age of fourteen, yet there is no record of his being a puny or weak lad. He wrote that, when a boy, "he excelled at cricket and foot-ball," and the boy who is a good player at either game must be sturdy and manly. At ten he was sent to Westminster School, where he seems to have been well grounded in the Greek and Latin classics, for which he retained an admiration throughout his life.

He was articled to Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, when he was nineteen, and had Edward Thurlow, afterwards lord chancellor, as a fellow clerk and companion. After leaving Chapman's, he took chambers in the Middle Temple, where he was called to the bar in 1754, Thurlow, who was his senior, being called in the same year. A greater contrast could not be found than that between the two friends. Cowper was shrinking and sensitive; Thurlow burly and domineering; Cowper had not nerve to avail himself of his opportunities, while Thurlow never missed putting his foot on a rung of the ladder of promotion through hesitation or fear. Religious melancholy was Cowper's ailment, while Thurlow was a good Churchman in

the purely conventional sense of the term. His faith was sturdy enough to save him from doubts. He was satisfied to make the best of this world, and he displayed no dread of another. Cowper's fears about futurity rendered his existence a living torment.

When a young man he was a frequent visitor at the house of his uncle, Ashley Cowper. His uncle had two daughters, the elder of whom became Lady Hesketh by marriage, and was Cowper's guardian angel in the later and miserable years of his life. The younger sister, Theodora Jane, was never married, and she was Cowper's first love. He would gladly have become her husband, and she would readily have become his wife, if Mr. Ashley Cowper had not refused his consent to the union. His objection is said to have been that he disapproved of first cousins marrying, but it is possible that he detected symptoms in his nephew which, in his opinion, rendered him unfit for marriage. Cowper submitted to his uncle's decision while bitterly lamenting it, and ceased visiting his cousin, to whom he had written many verses, which she treasured and which were printed after her death. Whether marriage might not have been to Cowper's advantage in every respect is a problem which it is idle to discuss, as it can never be solved. What is certain is that he cherished Theodora's image, and, late in life, he wrote to Lady Hesketh: "I shall look back to the memory of your sister, and regret her; but how strange it is, if we were to meet now, we should not know each other." Theodora manifested her feelings for Cowper in a practical way. At a time when his circumstances were straitened, he received welcome gifts from an anonymous donor. The giver was Theodora, who survived Cowper twenty-four years.

His father died in 1756, leaving him a small sum of money, with a part of which he bought a set of chambers in the Inner Temple. He appears to have lived upon his capital and not upon the interest derived from it; his only source of income being the office of commissioner of bankrupts, which brought him in sixty pounds a year. In 1764 he resigned this office. He was then at St. Albans, under the medical care of Dr. Cotton, and recovering from an attack of insanity. Being then in a morbid state, he held that he could not conscientiously act as commissioner of bankrupts. The income, though small, was an object to him, yet, as he said: "I would rather have starved in reality than

deliberately have offended against my Saviour."

While resident in the Temple he was not assiduous in following his profession. Literature had greater attractions for him than law. He was a member of the Non-sense Club, and he, like his fellow-members, probably looked upon life's brightest side. He was a contributor to the *Connoisseur* and the *St. James's Chronicle*, and he translated some of the odes of Horace for publication. He also translated two books of Voltaire's "Henriade," and diligently read Homer with a view of ascertaining how far Pope's translation represented the original. In short, he appears to have lived in the Temple much in the same way as his fellows.

At the outset of his stay there he had an attack of religious melancholy. He wrote that it caused him such a dejection of spirits as no one can have understood who has not felt it: "Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair." He lost all relish for his favorite studies; even his beloved classics ceased to charm him. While in this miserable state he met with a copy of George Herbert's poems, read them, and felt comforted. This author was the only one whose works then delighted him. He pored over them all day long, are the words he uses, adding: "And though I found not here what I might have found, a cure for my melancholy, yet I never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading *him*." A near and dear relative advised him to discontinue reading Herbert's poems, on the not unreasonable ground that "such an author was more likely to nourish my disorder than to remove it." In this unhappy frame of mind he had recourse to prayer, and was relieved; he composed a set of prayers, and felt the better for doing so. He visited Southampton, and one day, when seated on an eminence there, the sun shone, and the prospect entranced him, and he felt the weight of his misery taken off, his heart becoming light and joyful in a moment. But this happy condition of mind did not last long. He says that

Satan and my own wicked heart quickly persuaded me that I was indebted for my deliverance to nothing but change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place.

He had a relapse, to his subsequent sorrow, and it is under the influence of bitter regret that he penned the strong and self-condemnatory words: "Upon this hellish principle, as soon as I returned to

London, I burnt my prayers, and away went all thoughts of devotion and dependence upon God my Saviour."

Cowper had relations who possessed patronage, and according to the notions prevailing before the period of competitive examinations for public office, the duty of an influential relative was to provide, at other people's expense, for those connected with him who were poor and ambitious. Major Cowper was the poet's cousin, and he had in his gift two offices in the House of Lords; he appointed the poet, or Templar, as he was styled then, to the more valuable of the two, it being that of "reading clerk and clerk of the committees." Cowper accepted the office, but when he began to learn the almost nominal duties necessary for qualifying himself to discharge it, he was smitten with dread of his incompetency, and fell into a fever. The salary was of moment to him because his small patrimony was well-nigh spent. He had heard that Mr. Arnold was designated to fill the lesser of the two offices, and he begged Major Cowper to appoint Mr. Arnold to the greater, and let him have the minor one of clerk of the journals. When this was accomplished his mind was easier; and then his agitation was renewed and increased by the intelligence that the House of Lords had called in question Major Cowper's action, and had summoned the newly appointed clerk to appear at the bar of the House, there to undergo an examination. Though the examination would probably have been a matter of form, yet to Cowper it assumed gigantic and menacing proportions, and he set himself to qualify for it by a laborious perusal of the journals. While thus engaged, he "read without perception," and made no progress towards understanding their contents. Parliament rising in August, he went to Margate for change and rest, returning to the office in October. The prospect of standing an examination appeared more terrible than ever, and in his nervous state he began, as he writes,

to look upon madness as the only chance remaining. I had a strong foreboding that so it would fare with me, and I wished for it earnestly, and looked forward to it with impatient expectation.

Other persons have dreaded madness more than death; he welcomed it as a relief, and in so doing he showed that his reason was tottering. In this lamentable state his thoughts turned to self-murder, and his narrative of what he felt and did

is the most extraordinary confession in our language, that of an "Opium Eater" not excepted:—

One evening in November, 1763, as soon as it was dark, affecting as cheerful and unconcerned an air as possible, I went into an apothecary's shop, and asked for half an half-ounce phial of laudanum. The man seemed to observe me narrowly; but if he did, I managed my voice and countenance so as to deceive him.

Cowper obtained the phial, and carried it in the side-pocket of his coat for a week. On the day before that on which he was to appear in the House of Lords he read a letter in a newspaper which he thought reflected upon him, and then he resolved to destroy himself, and went towards the fields where he purposed swallowing the poison:—

Before I had walked a mile in the fields, a thought struck me that I might yet spare my life; that I had nothing to do but to sell what I had in the Funds (which might be done in an hour), go on board a ship, and transport myself to France. There, when every other way of maintenance should fail, I proposed myself a comfortable asylum in some monastery, an acquisition easily made by changing my religion. Not a little pleased with this expedient, I returned to my chambers to pack up all that I could at so short a notice; but while I was looking over my portmanteaus my mind changed again, and self-murder was recommended to me once more in all its advantages. Not knowing where to poison myself—for I was liable to continual interruptions in my chambers from my landress and her husband—I lay aside that intention and resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I immediately took a coach and ordered the man to drive to Tower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom House quay. . . . I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to my coach, and ordered it to return to the Temple. I drew up the shutters, once more had recourse to the laudanum, and determined to drink it off directly; but God had otherwise ordained. A conflict that shook me to pieces suddenly took place; not properly a trembling, but a convulsive agitation, which deprived me in a manner of the use of my limbs; and my mind was as much shaken as my body.

Distracted between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check; and even at the time it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle

downwards as often as I set it against my lips. . . . Panting for breath, and in an horrible agony, I flung myself back into the corner of the coach. A few drops of laudanum which had touched my lips, besides the fumes of it, began to have a stupefying effect upon me. Regretting the loss of so fair an opportunity, yet utterly unable to avail myself of it, I determined not to live; and already half dead with anguish, I once more returned to the Temple. Instantly I repaired to my room, and having shut both the outer and inner doors, prepared myself for the last scene of the tragedy. I poured the laudanum into a small basin, set it on a chair by the bedside, half undressed myself, and laid down between the blankets, shuddering with horror at what I was about to perpetrate. I reproached myself bitterly with folly and rank cowardice, for having suffered the fear of death to influence me as it had done, and was filled with disdain at my own pitiful timidity; but still something seemed to overrule me, and to say, "Think what you are doing! Consider, and live."

The extraordinary condition into which Cowper fell can be simply explained. He was mad enough to wish himself dead and sufficiently sane to dread death, being willing to end his life yet afraid to do so. His hands, as he says, were contracted as if bound with cords when he tried to lift the basin to his lips, and when his joints were loosened and he could use his fingers, the key turned in the lock of the outer door and his landress's husband walked in. Cowper then rose, dressed himself, hid the basin, and acted as if he had never meditated suicide. When his landress and her husband went away leaving him alone, he spent the afternoon thinking what he should do next, and when a friend called in the evening, he conversed with affected cheerfulness, saying to himself, after his departure, "I shall see him no more."

He went to bed in the expectation of sleeping there for the last time. The following day was that appointed for his appearing at the bar of the House of Lords, and he resolved not to see it. The narrative continues:—

I slept as usual, and awoke about three o'clock. Immediately I arose, and by the help of a rushlight found my penknife, took it to bed with me, and lay with it for some hours directly pointed against my heart. Twice or thrice I placed it up right under my left breast, leaning all my weight upon it; but the point was broken off square, and it would not penetrate.

In this way the time passed till the day began to break. I heard the clock strike seven, and instantly it occurred to me there was no

time to be lost; the chambers would soon be opened, and my friend would call upon me to take me with him to Westminster. "Now is the time," thought I; "this is the crisis; no more dallying with the love of life!" I arose, and, as I thought, bolted the inner door of my chambers, but was mistaken; my touch deceived me, and I left it as I found it. . . . Not one hesitating thought now remained, but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad piece of scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends; by the help of the buckle I found a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate; the tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin which passed up through the midst of it; the other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of these, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, and the carved work slipped off and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round, and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short and let me down again.

The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached within a foot of the ceiling; by the help of a chair I could command the top of it, and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there, I distinctly heard a voice say three times, "'Tis over!" Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me, or affect my resolution. I hung so long that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence.

When I came to myself again, I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning just beginning to seize upon me passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen on my face on the floor; in about a minute I recovered my feet, and, reeling and staggering, stumbled into bed again.

Thus ended Cowper's attempts at suicide, in which he displayed ingenuity and perseverance that were happily unavailing. His mind had become quite unhinged. He was haunted with gloomy and terrible thoughts, and he fancied that his conduct when at Southampton was "the sin against the Holy Ghost." He says that Satan plied him with horrible visions, that his ears rang with the sound of torments:—

A numbness seized upon the extremities of my body, and life seemed to retreat before it; my hands and feet became cold and stiff; a

cold sweat stood upon my forehead; my heart seemed at every pulse to beat its last, and my soul to cling to my lips, as if on the very brink of departure.

Then it was that madness, for which he had longed, seized upon him; but before he was put under the charge of Dr. Cotton at St. Albans and consigned in the madhouse, of which he would not "betray the secrets," he was able to realize his state. He thus depicts it:—

While I traversed the apartment in the most horrible dismay of soul, expecting every moment that the earth would open her mouth and swallow me, my conscience scaring me, the avenger of blood pursuing me, and the city of refuge out of reach and out of sight, a strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light on the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and indistinct; all that remained clear was the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment. Those kept undisturbed possession all through my illness, without interruption or abatement.

Though in writing about his confinement at St. Albans, Cowper states he will not reveal the "secrets of the prison-house," it is probable that his treatment was not worse than that of the insane in his day, and that he was not subjected to greater harshness than that of which George III. was the victim at the hands of Dr. Warren, the most enlightened physician of the time. Cowper's delusions were religious, and Dr. Cotton was a man of as religious a temperament, though of a more balanced intellect than Cowper, and he could sympathize with his patient. He was a poet also, after the manner of poets in his day.

What Southey said of Pope and his age applies to the latter half of the eighteenth century; it was "the golden age of poets and the pinchbeck age of poetry." "The Visions in Verse" of Dr. Cotton cannot be classed among verses of the highest rank, yet they are pleasing and euphonious. They were popular, and now they are forgotten. In some respects they resemble those of Cowper. A few specimens will exhibit their character, as well as recall the works of a forgotten versifier who is the equal of others who are remembered:—

Friendship, thou soft propitious power,
Sweet regent of the social hour.

The foregoing couplet is among Dr. Cotton's best; the following are highly moral and commonplace:—

Man's an odd compound after all,
And ever has been since the fall.
Let not the young my precepts shun—
Who slight good counsels are undone.
What wears the face of joy below
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name.

The following contains a thought which has been expressed before, but not much better:—

Revere thyself, thou'rt near allied
To angels on thy better side.

The last specimen which I shall give fittingly proceeds from a medical pen:—

Then boast of health whene'er you please,
Health is near neighbor to disease.

After leaving St. Albans in 1764 Cowper took a lodging near Cambridge, to be near his brother, who was a resident fellow of Corpus Christi College. At this time his means of subsistence were small, and he lessened them by resigning his office of commissioner of bankrupts. His relatives came to his help, and subscribed a sum among themselves which sufficed for his wants. He never gave much heed to money. When a Templar he looked forward to obtaining an office of which the salary would be adequate; after obtaining it he tried to commit suicide, and when a fit of insanity had passed away, he appears to have trusted to obtaining from friends as much money as he required, and his trust was justified by results.

An important occurrence in his career was making the acquaintance of the Rev. Morley Unwin, his wife, son, and daughter, at Huntingdon in 1765. Mr. Unwin held the living of Grimston, and kept a school at Huntingdon. Cowper wrote of Mrs. Unwin: "I never see her without being the better for her company;" he added that Mr. Unwin "is as simple as Parson Adams." He became a boarder in the Unwin family. At that period many clergy of the Church of England had awakened from the formalism in which they had long remained, and the revival took the cast of what would have been styled Puritanism in earlier days, and which was known as Methodism then. Instead of contenting themselves with performing the stated services of the Church, they engaged in religious observances at other times, and those who did so, among whom Mr. Unwin was one,

considered it a duty to separate themselves from the world. They discountenanced the amusements which were in vogue, and treated this life simply as a stage in the progress towards another, in which the whole duty of man consisted in meditation and prayer. All this was consonant with Cowper's views, and he soon felt perfectly at home with the Unwins. On the 2nd of July, 1767, Mr. Unwin fell from his horse and died soon after. His son had taken orders, his daughter married a clergyman, and Mrs. Unwin lived with Cowper as a friend and almost as a mother. She was his senior by a few years, yet he entertained the project of marrying her, and they were engaged. He had a recurrence of his insanity, and Mrs. Unwin nursed him through it. On his recovery all thought of marriage was tacitly abandoned.

The pair took up their abode in Orchard Side, a house in Olney, the attraction there being the Rev. John Newton, who was curate, and a stirring preacher. In these days he would be styled a revivalist; in his own his reputation was unenviable, as he was credited with "preaching people mad." His own life had been chequered, and though no one could question his zeal, yet it was not always according to knowledge. Cowper was his fervent admirer; so blind became his admiration that he wrote of Newton's style that it was "incomparably better than that of Robertson or Gibbon." If Newton did some service by inducing Cowper to write the "Olney Hymns," he also confirmed him in his worse delusions.

After Newton exchanged the curacy of Olney for the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth in London, he still exercised an influence over Cowper, giving him advice, which did him harm, and sending him presents of fish, which gave him pleasure, and criticising his conduct in a way which Cowper deemed uncalled for. The tittle-tattle of Olney was forwarded to Newton by some busybodies, and this caused him to write a letter to Mrs. Unwin, of which the character can be gathered from Cowper's letter to the Rev. William Unwin, dated the 24th of September, 1786:—

The purport of Mr. Newton's letter is a direct accusation of me, and of her an accusation implied, that we had both deviated into forbidden paths, and lead a life unbecoming the Gospel . . . in short, that I converse too much with people of the world, and find too much pleasure in doing so.

The foundation for Newton's animad-

version appears to have been that Cowper drove about in a carriage with his cousin, Lady Hesketh, and sometimes took a walk with her on a Sunday evening.

What he required was occupation, and he tried many things before hitting upon what suited him best. He tamed three wild hares, he tried carpentering, drawing, and gardening. At last he found refuge from what he rightly called "the misery of having nothing to do" in composing verses. Versifying seems to have run in the family; Cowper's father, uncle, and brother having all had a turn for it. Cowper was not vain of his powers; indeed, he was scarcely conscious of them. According to Southey, he was the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers. That he wrote excellent prose was probably as little known to himself as the fact that many of his verses were real poetry, his own opinion being thus expressed:—

I have been a dabbler in rhyme since I was fourteen . . . I have no more right to the name of a poet than a maker of mouse-traps has to that of an engineer . . . I have this peculiarity belonging to me as a rhymist, that while I am charmed to a great degree with my own work, while it is on the anvil, I can seldom bear to look at it when it is once finished. . . . Perhaps ten years after I am as much delighted with it as at first.

Cowper's first volume of poetry appeared in 1782, and had a moderate success. The versification was as easy as that of Goldsmith, and the general purpose of the several poems was to inculcate the advantages of a quiet life in the country over a bustling one in a city. It is seldom that didactic poetry has been less unwelcome and unreadable than that from Cowper's pen. He noticed much that was blameworthy, and his comments on many things are as applicable to the same things now, though a century has elapsed since his lines were written. The following example will suffice:—

Habits of dissipation, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one general cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!
The loud demand from year to year the same,
Beggars invention and makes fancy lame,
Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune,
And novels (witness every month's review)
Belie their name and offer nothing new.

What Cowper saw he could describe in graphic and melodious phrases, but his was not one of the "thinking heads" of which he deplored the rarity. While

writing these and other verses he wrote to the Rev. John Newton:—

I cannot bear much thinking. The meshes of that fine network, the brain, are composed of such mere spinner's threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole texture.

When "The Task" appeared in 1784 the public gave it a cordial welcome, and Cowper was thereafter classed among English poets. His popularity was not due to his best work, yet it led to that work being appreciated. Between the publication of "Table Talk" and "The Task," he had written "John Gilpin," and become famous. This ballad ought to have brought him wealth as well as reputation, as six thousand copies were sold within a short time, but he received nothing more tangible than praise. Nor did the applause of the multitude give him satisfaction. It was with reluctance that he acknowledged the authorship of the ballad. When it was proposed to publish it with his other verses he wrote: "I might expose myself to a charge of vanity by admitting 'John Gilpin' into my book, and some people may impute it to me as a crime." A much wiser remark than the foregoing is the following: "A serious poem is like a swan, it flies heavily and never far; but a jest has the wings of a swallow, that never tire, and that carry it into every nook and corner." These words recall some by George Herbert in "The Porch":—

A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice;
and those in the same strain by Praed:—

For many people read a song,
Who will not read a sermon.

The dread of Cowper, that "John Gilpin" would be popular, has been justified by results, while no one, except perhaps the Rev. John Newton, has thought the worse of him for writing it.

Though it is true that Cowper entertained a modest estimate of his powers, it is equally true that his devotion to the muses was no lip service. He was no hasty inditer of fluent verse, neither did he write without having something to say. The sphere of his observation was restricted, yet within it he was master. As Sainte-Beuve rightly remarks, he is the bard of domestic life. The simple pleasures of the family circle are portrayed and idealized in his verses, while he is equally at home in the gardens and the fields, the

charms of nature being real to him, and he could convey to others the impressions which had been made upon himself. He wrote to the Rev. John Newton: "I could spend whole days and moonlight nights feeding on a lovely prospect." While not living in the hope of becoming famous, he was quite sensible of the change which would be wrought in his circumstances when fame has been achieved. He was sufficiently acquainted with the world to understand how much he would rise in the estimation of his friends once he had become a favorite with the public, and this is shown by what he wrote about the time "The Task" was published:—

Should it please God to give me ability to perform the poet's part to some purpose, many whom I once called friends, but who have since treated me with a most magnificent indifference, will be ready to take me by the hand again, and some whom I never held in that estimation will, like Bensley (who was but a boy when I left London), boast of a connection with me which they never had.

After "The Task" was out of his hands, Cowper took up the *Iliad* and began to translate it into blank verse, and the *Odyssey* was translated next, the work giving him occupation which was harmless, and the result being to add another translation to English literature, one which is more faithful than Pope's, yet not less inadequate than his to convey to the unclassical reader a full sense of Homer's spirit. Cowper uses a very happy phrase to characterize Homer's distinguishing merit, saying that it is "majestic plainness." He edited the works of Milton, by way of occupation, but his edition is not prized. Though not a successful editor, he often showed himself an acute critic. Moreover, he had the good fortune to have in Mrs. Unwin a lady of excellent taste, and he placed implicit confidence in her judgment, writing of her:—

Mrs. Unwin is a critic by nature and not by rule, and has a perception of what is good or bad in composition that I never knew deceive her; inasmuch, that when two sorts of expression have pleaded equally for the preference in my own esteem, and I have referred, as in such cases I always did, the decision of the point to her, I never knew her at a loss for a just one.

Again:—

Mrs. Unwin is my Lord Chamberlain, who licenses all I write.

In thus writing he was doubtless sincere. Indeed, he appears to have had a

finely balanced mind on all matters which did not bear on religion, and to have been too discerning to relish undeserved compliments. Thus when the Rev. William Unwin complimented him upon being an "entertaining and clever" correspondent, he replied in the following terms, which give the clue to his success as a letter-writer:—

I love praise dearly, especially from the judicious, and those who have so much delicacy themselves as not to offend mine in giving it. . . . Now this foolish vanity would have spoiled me quite, and would have made me as disgusting a letter-writer as Pope, who seems to have thought that unless a sentence was well turned, and every period pointed with some conceit, it was not worth the carriage. Accordingly, he is to me, except in a few instances, the most disagreeable maker of epistles that ever I met with.

Having mentioned Pope, the judgment passed upon him by Cowper after having read Dr. Johnson's critique may be added here:—

Never were such talents and such drudgery united as in Pope. But I admire Dryden most, who has succeeded by mere dint of genius, and in spite of a laziness and carelessness almost peculiar to himself. His faults are numberless, but so are his beauties. . . . I admire Johnson as a man of great erudition and sense; but when he sets up for a judge of writers upon the subject of love—a passion which I suppose he never felt in his life—he might as well think himself qualified to pronounce upon a treatise on horsemanship or the art of fortification.

What Cowper disliked the most in Johnson was his treatment of Milton. When a boy he was never weary, to use his own words, of reading "*Allegro*" and "*Penseroso*," and his admiration for Milton appears to have been unbounded. It was a shock to him to read what Johnson had written, and this made him write in turn to the Rev. William Unwin:—

Johnson's treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner is not likely to spare a Republican. . . . I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the "*Paradise Lost*?" It is like that of a fine organ; has the fulness and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. Variety without end and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil.

While ready to criticise Dr. Johnson, he

had a great respect for him, and when Cowper's first volume appeared, he wrote :

Let Dr. Johnson only speak as favorably of me as he has spoken of Sir Richard Blackmore (who, though he shines in his poem "Creation," has written more absurdities in verse than any writer of our country), and my success will be assured.

After reading "The Lives of the Poets," he writes as follows to the Rev. William Unwin :—

I am very much Johnson's humble servant. His uncommon share of good sense, and his forcible expression, secure to him that tribute from all his readers. He has a penetrating insight into character, and a happy talent of correcting the popular opinion, upon all occasions where it is erroneous; and this he does with the boldness of a man who will think for himself; but, at the same time, with a justness of sentiment that convinces us he does not differ from others through affectation, but because he has a sounder judgment. This remark, however, has his narrative for its object, rather than his critical performances.

If Cowper had written a series of critical essays upon English poets they would have been as well worth reading as anything from Johnson's pen or Cowper's own. The following remarks are not only acute, but they also exhibit Cowper's ability to do what I have suggested :—

Every man conversant with verse-writing knows, and knows by painful experience, that the familiar style is of all styles the most difficult to succeed in. To make verse speak the language of prose without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme, is one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake. He that could accomplish this task was Prior; many have imitated his excellence in this particular, but the best copies have fallen far short of the original.

It was to be expected that Goldsmith would find favor in Cowper's eyes; hence it is not surprising to find him writing :—

I have read Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village," and am highly pleased with them both, as well for the manner in which they are executed as for their tendency, and the lessons they inculcate.

It is more remarkable, however, that he should have appreciated Burns, and have written as follows about him :—

I have read Burns's poems twice; and though they be written in a language that is

new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production.

He was fitted to give advice to poets, and his practice was in keeping with the following sensible remarks :—

Whatever is short should be nervous, masculine, and compact. Little men are so; and little poems should be so; because, where the work is short, the author has no right to the plea of weariness; and laziness is never admitted as an available excuse in anything.

Cowper's references to prose writers display the same acumen as those to poets. For example :—

Robertson is an author that I admire much, with one exception, that I think his style too labored; Homer, as an historian, pleases me more.

A vein of pleasantry runs through Cowper's correspondence, and those who read it, without knowing his personal history, would suppose that he was a light-hearted man. Yet his case was that of many who amuse others while being melancholy at heart; of Grimaldi, the clown, who made children and their parents laugh; of Liston, whose impersonations were the perfection of humor. Cowper's correspondent could scarcely believe that his spirits were not as light as his pen. He wrote that "Joy of heart, from whatever occasion it may arise, is the best of all nervous medicines." He had made thousands laugh over the adventures of "John Gilpin," while they rendered him sadder on a retrospect. He informed Lady Hesketh on the 11th of December, 1786, that

The grinders at "John Gilpin" little dream what the author sometimes suffers. How I hated myself yesterday for ever having wrote it!

Before then he had written the following words, which are as pathetic as they are true :—

In general you may suppose that I am remarkably sad when I seem remarkably merry. The effort we make to get rid of a load is usually violent in proportion to the weight of it.

While Cowper was liable to attacks of mental derangement which rendered him for a time as helpless as an infant, and during which his desire to end his life with his own hand returned, and had to be restrained, he was subject at all times, after his first serious attack, to nervous fevers, for which he had not the good advice which he might have received had he

lived at a later day, when the physician displays greater science in mental maladies. The remedies which Cowper took may have increased his disease. What they were can be gathered from the following passages in letters written to Mr. Johnson in 1792:—

I am a little better; the powders and the laudanum together have, for the present at least, abated the fever that consumes me; and in measure as the fever abates, I acquire a less discouraging view of things, and with it a little power to exert myself. . . . I was obliged to prepare myself for Rose's coming by a nightly dose of laudanum—twelve drops suffice; but without them I am devoured by melancholy.

Cowper's biographers have omitted to inquire as to the degree in which his malady was effected by the medicine which he took. The subject would repay investigation.

He suffered much and often, yet his days in the land were far longer than those of his brother, who was supposed to be a stronger man. Born in 1731, he lived till the 25th of April, 1800, having outlived Mrs. Unwin. He changed his place of abode more than once, and in his later and infirm years he had more kind friends to soothe his life than in his earlier and livelier days. In short, his existence had many compensations, and, despite his mental twist, he lived as happily as many who seldom have had a day's illness.

Cowper knew little of the world, and he became its censor because he was so ignorant. He prided himself upon being of it, but not in it, and looking upon it "through the loopholes of retreat." It is not strange, then, that much of his satire lacks point. No satirist can approach Juvenal without having had Juvenal's experience. If Cowper had lived more in the world he might have been happier. Excitement and variety would have hindered him from brooding over his feelings, and suffering torments which were the offspring of a morbid and super-sensitive imagination. Though he was a commonplace moralist, he was a pointed writer, and whatever he wrote had a grace and finish which cannot be matched by passages from the pages of any contemporary, save those of Goldsmith and Horace Walpole. Nothing lighter and more graceful than the following is to be found in any writings but theirs; the thought is not novel, yet is so well expressed as to seem perfectly fresh. It occurs in a letter to the Rev. William Unwin:—

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon people of another species. Their vast, rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the Gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who so little resembled us in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims are just what they were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior, but in other respects a modern is an ancient in a different dress.

I shall conclude by giving two more extracts from his letters, which will serve in addition to those already quoted, to show his character and skill as a letter-writer, and which also show a great contrast between Cowper writing about himself and indulging his imagination, and writing somewhat as Charles Lamb might have done on the same theme. Both occur in letters to the Rev. John Newton, the first letter being written in April, and the second in November, 1783:—

My days are spent in vanity, and it is impossible to spend them otherwise. No man upon earth is more sensible of the unprofitableness of a life like mine than I am, or groans more heavily under the burden; but this too is vanity, because it is in vain; my groans will not bring the remedy, because there is no remedy for me. The time when I seem to be most rationally employed is when I am reading. My studies, however, are much confined, and of little use because I have no books but what I borrow, and nobody will lend me a memory. My own is almost worn out.

I often wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world: "I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship, I prepare my breakfast, I swallow a bucket of goat's milk and a dozen good sizable cakes. I fashion a string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them, I boil them, I find them not done enough. I

boil them again, my wife is angry, we dispute, we settle the point, but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt, I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow."

W. FRASER RAE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A STUDY OF NELSON.

A VARIETY of causes has lately drawn the attention of Englishmen to the career of Nelson. We inherit the traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar; but thinking people have been long convinced that these memories of glory, though a noble possession, may become worse than useless if our naval strength is not kept up to the requirements of the age, and if the leaders of our fleets have not thoroughly grasped the problems of naval tactics and strategy which have come into being since the Great War. The conditions of warfare at sea have been immensely changed. England remains the first of maritime powers; but her world wide commerce has been quadrupled, and it is more exposed than it has ever been. She is fed from abroad like Imperial Rome. France would be a very different naval foe from what she was in Nelson's day. If the fleet of Spain is of little account, that of Russia has very largely increased, and Germany and Italy have now real navies. It is at least questionable if we could confront a coalition of maritime states as we did in 1780 and 1801. Meanwhile material inventions have wholly transformed the character and qualities of modern navies. Steam, electricity, huge rifled ordnance, and armor plating have made the ship of war of 1890 as completely different from the ship of war of 1790, as that was from a Roman trireme; and this wonderful revolution has made the subject of the defence of our shores and the protection of our trade, of blockades, of single actions, and of battles at sea, and generally of naval tactics and strategy, of peculiar interest to reflecting Englishmen. In the changes

which have been wrought in naval affairs shallow people may imagine that nothing is to be learned from a review of our triumphs at sea in the past. As soldiers are to be found who deny that useful lessons can be obtained from studying the campaigns of Napoleon, and who say that military history begins with Moltke, so sailors exist who assert that our naval annals before the era of steam are an old almanack, an unprofitable, nay, a pernicious dead letter. Yet in the art of war, as in other arts, mind controls, shapes, and informs matter. In the conflict of armed masses, whether at sea or on land, mechanical appliances being nearly equal, superior energy and discipline always prevail; and it would be strange indeed if under the new conditions a Celtic or a Slavonic race should conquer the Teuton in his own element. These truths have not been lost on thinking men. The naval manœuvres of the last few years have given the whole subject an ever-growing interest; and though the public mind has not nearly realized many problems of modern war at sea, it has instinctively turned to the career of Nelson, the most illustrious of our great admirals, as exhibiting in the highest perfection what has been achieved in the past by our fleets, and indicating perhaps what is at present possible. The fact is proved by the many biographies of the mighty seaman which have appeared of late, and perhaps most clearly by the very able criticisms made recently on his heroic exploits. We shall add our mite to these contributions, premising merely that the real character of Nelson and his true place in history are not to be found in books of our tongue; they must be collected from his despatches; and indeed the only good estimate of what he was is from the pen of an accomplished Frenchman, the veteran and well-informed De La Gravière. We think, too, that if the career of Nelson throws real light on important problems connected with modern naval warfare, it illustrates some less strikingly than those of other commanders of less renown, Collingwood, for example, Howe, and St. Vincent.

In a sketch of this kind we must pass over the incidents of the life of Nelson and consider him only as a great commander. The most distinctive, perhaps, of his mental gifts, was that he understood infinitely better than any of our chiefs the existing conditions of naval warfare in the long contest waged between England and France, with the occasional aid of Spain, from the first of June to Trafalgar. One

of the secrets, at least, of Napoleon's triumphs, in the first stages of his marvelous career, was that he had the insight to see that the progress of husbandry and the multiplication of roads enabled an army to live on resources found on the spot, and to move with a quickness before unknown; his grasp of these facts was a main cause of his extraordinary success in the campaign of Italy. The perception of Nelson was of a different kind, but it was attended with like results, and it contributed largely to his most splendid exploits. Though on the whole inferior to that of England in the war which created the United States, the navy of France, and even that of Spain, was not an infinitely weaker force. The belligerent powers were not ill-matched; D'Estaing contended on equal terms with Byron; and if Rodney overcame De Grasse, Suffrein certainly far surpassed Hughes, and was indeed the foremost seaman of his time. But the Revolution immensely diminished the naval strength and resources of France; it deprived her of all her best admirals and of half probably of her trained sea officers; it introduced dilapidation and waste into her dockyards, arsenals, and chief ports; above all, it infected her whole naval service with the indiscipline and lawlessness of Jacobin teaching. On the other hand the corrupt despotism of Spain had fatally impaired her fleets; the imbecile successor of Charles III. completely neglected a once fine navy; Spanish admirals and captains owed advancement to favoritism, intrigue, and not to merit; and Spanish ships were manned by a set of sailors, described by the unfortunate Villeneuve as "a miserable assemblage of landmen and conscripts, unfit for anything." It was a characteristic peculiar to Nelson that almost alone of English chiefs, and in a much higher degree than any, he perfectly appreciated the enormous difference between a French and Spanish fleet in 1780, and a French and Spanish fleet twenty years later. And though our own navy had faults of its own — the mutiny of the *Nore* is sufficient proof — he thoroughly understood that it had acquired an incalculable superiority in officers and men, and in all that constitutes power at sea, over navies commanded by third-rate chiefs, over ships worked by unskilled captains and filled with crews "of lawless and riotous Frenchmen," and of "Spaniards who could not climb up the rigging." This insight was an inspiration with him; and his complete mastery of the conditions of the war was a chief cause of his won-

derful triumphs. Howe edges up towards Villaret on the first of June, because he has still respect for a French fleet. Calder fights a poor and indecisive action, because he doubts that fifteen British ships can cope with a French and Spanish squadron of twenty. But Nelson knows that a British naval force is incomparably superior to any of its foes. After a chase from the Straits across the Atlantic, he literally hunts Villeneuve out of the West Indies with eleven ships of the line against twenty. On the day of Trafalgar he bears directly down in double column and a light breeze on a much more numerous fleet in line, — tactics not to be justified in mere theory, but, as affairs stood, a real inspiration of genius, because owing to their proved ascendancy they practically ensured the success of our arms.

Independently of the master faculty of understanding the conditions of the war, Nelson possessed the quality of supreme seamanship. His professional skill has never been surpassed; it may be doubted if it has been equalled; and this was due not only to inborn genius, but also in a great degree to experience. It has not been sufficiently noticed that before he commanded a ship of war he had passed through a most severe apprenticeship. He had been in the Polar seas and in the Indian Ocean, and he had stood before the mast in the Merchant Service. He informs us that he spent months in making himself an accomplished pilot; and the knowledge stood him in stead on two great occasions. No admiral certainly of his day would have ventured to steer the British fleet in shore of the French at the battle of the Nile, and so to place it between two fires. It has been said that Foley devised the movement, but the celebrated expression that a British ship could anchor in the space where a French ship could swim, seems to prove that Nelson was the real author. No less admirable was his skill as a pilot in the famous attack on Copenhagen; but for his comprehension of the nature of the shoals, half of his fleet probably would have been stranded and overwhelmed by the Danish batteries. In almost every phase of his splendid career Nelson gave proof of the same powers as a seaman. Curiously enough he commanded a brig while still in his teens; and he completely justified his superior's remark, that he trusted "the youngster as though he was an old captain." The action of the *Agamemnon* with the *Ca Ira* is another striking instance of this gift. The unfortunate Frenchman

never had a chance, and was utterly crippled by his nimble foe, as Drake crippled the "huge castles" of Spain. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the wonderful chase of Brueys, and of the ill-fated Villeneuve, still less to notice the astonishing fact, that Nelson maintained the blockade of Toulon for a period never before known, and that he gained days on Villeneuve in his Atlantic flight; this was seamanship in the extreme of perfection. It should be observed, too, that although Nelson was the most daring and brilliant of chiefs, he showed an attention to minute details, and to everything that made his squadrons safe, that was in the highest degree admirable. He could drive his ships through a narrow passage never since traversed by men of war, but he was specially jealous of his masts and yards. He took care to anchor by the stern at the Nile—a precaution that saved many British lives. He bore down on Brueys and again on Villeneuve having first made it certain that every British ship would be able to distinguish friend from foe. His vessels never blew up like the *Achille* and the *Orient*, still less attacked each other like the Spanish first-rates which perished in the Bay of Algeiras.

Gifts however in a chief which depend on intellect are less valuable than moral qualities; "talent" said Napoleon, "is not a match for real strength of character." The excellence of Nelson is not less conspicuous if we consider him on this side of his nature. He was the most daring perhaps of commanders, "the Suvorof," as he has been called, "of the deep, who destroyed fleets at the bayonet's point." His "savage audacity," D^écre^s exclaimed, astonished admirals who had been brought up in the experiences of the American War. This impetuous boldness, no doubt, was not always followed by success. Nelson was beaten off in the descent on Teneriffe, and the final attack cannot be justified. He failed to cut out the flotilla of Boulogne, and seems to have underrated its strength. And as De La Gravière has remarked, had the dying breeze sunk to a calm on the day of Trafalgar, when a few only of the British ships were engaged with the whole combined fleet, the issue of the battle would have been different. But the daring of Nelson was seldom rashness; genius is not omniscient and must leave a chance to fortune; and as a rule, in his most striking exploits, we see means thoroughly adapted to ends and calculation controlling temerity. The superiority in fact of the British fleets was

so decisive in his day, that he could venture on efforts which would now be reckless; and he proved this in a number of instances. He moves out of the line at St. Vincent, in order to detain the Spanish fleet and to enable the British delayed by Jervis, through mere adherence to the routine of the past, to come up and attack the enemy; he is engaged for an hour with three first-rates, and yet, to use his own words "this was apparently and not in reality an unequal contest." It was the same at the Nile and the same at Trafalgar, the same in the ocean chase of Villeneuve. Nelson's conduct is open to theoretic criticism; in the state of the belligerent navies it was practically right, and the results were decisive. The daring of Nelson was also combined with one of the most precious of naval qualities,—quick readiness to seize the occasion at hand and resolution to turn it to account. The most conspicuous illustration of this gift, perhaps, is to be found in his attitude at Copenhagen, a battle little studied by the general reader, but a magnificent specimen of this great excellence. The British fleet was certainly in great peril. It had partly overcome the armed Danish hulks; but it was anchored in a narrow channel along a treacherous shoal; and the only avenue of retreat it possessed was commanded by a powerful land battery, the guns of which had by no means been silenced. Had Nelson obeyed the signal of Parker and drawn out of the fire—or tried to do so—before he had at least gained the better of his foes, it is not impossible that the British fleet would have been involved in a real disaster. But Nelson took care to make the Danes feel the tremendous effect of the British ordnance; and when this was done he sent off a flag of truce, in order really to enable his ships to make their way out of the close passage in which they had been, so to speak, imprisoned. In the eyes of seamen this was one of the most brilliant of his feats.

But the chief gift of Nelson lay in his genius for command, in his faculty for directing his officers and men to the accomplishment of his great achievements. He was the master-spirit of the ship or the fleet directed by him; he made all his officers his docile instruments, and animated them with the "sacred fire;" and he breathed into his crews a heroic ardor strengthened by extraordinary devotion to himself. He was not a martinet like the stern-hearted Jervis; not a mere kindly chief like the feeble Hotham; not only a "sailor's friend," like the veteran Howe;

he was a born and consummate ruler of hearts. It is impossible to completely analyze this quality; but we may glance at the methods adopted by Nelson in attaining this absolute supremacy in command. He was never severe, though he could enforce authority; he made great allowances for faults of judgment, but not for slackness or want of courage; he always took his officers into his confidence, but invariably gave them a large discretion; he appealed to the noblest qualities of English nature, the sense of duty and the love of country, not once to the passion for glory and the lust of plunder which were Napoleon's watchwords. From first to last in his grand career he followed these principles when in command; and the results were the same whether he was in charge of a third-rate or ruled the fleet which overwhelmed Villeneuve. His "Agamemnons" loved him with fond affection; his "captains" cheered him as he turned aside and steered into Cordova's van, though they seemed hurrying into the jaws of destruction. His captains and himself, in his own expression, were a band of brothers when they conquered at the Nile; and it deserves special notice that though he explained his general plan of attacking Brueys, he allowed each of them to select his position of vantage. It was exactly the same before Trafalgar. Tears burst from the eyes of those "mastiffs of the seas," as he unfolded to them his masterly scheme, — the sure presage of victory as the situation stood. But he gave Collingwood a perfectly independent command; he left each British ship to select its foe; unlike his unhappy adversary, he made few signals, his whole ideal of command appearing in the famous words, "England expects every man to do his duty."

This combination of splendid qualities made Nelson the first of naval tacticians, at least since the days of Blake and De Ruyter. In the four great actions in which he stands pre-eminent, his tactical genius decided the issue. At St. Vincent Jervis, intent on forming his ships on a parallel line with the enemy — the natural order of the eighteenth century, — was bringing them round in a semicircle, which would have enabled the Spanish fleet to escape or have only compelled the rear to engage. Nelson wears and stands out at the right moment, arrests the progress of Cordova's vanguard, and wins for England a much-needed triumph. At the Nile, the most scientific of all his battles, Nelson catches the fleet of Brueys at

anchor, surprises his foe by a night attack, steers in shore of the French with part of his ships, and then bringing eight ships of the line to throw a cross-fire upon five Frenchmen, practically decides the contest in less than two hours, for the rest of the enemy's fleet can do little, being in an extended line and bound to its anchors. And this magnificent victory was attained against a very superior force; the Orient was a match, in weight of metal and other respects, for two British seventy-fours; and we had no ship equal to the *Tonnant*, or the renowned *Franklin*, still remembered as the unrivalled *Canopus* down to the last days of our sailing navy. His tactical skill was displayed also in his directing his ships to anchor at the stern, thus preventing their swinging and being raked; and we know from the testimony of a French officer that this move frustrated the best hope of Brueys. Trafalgar was an exceptional battle. Had the combined fleet been nearly as good as our own, the attack of Nelson would have been mere rashness; the *Royal Sovereign* and the *Victory* would have been destroyed by the fire that would have been brought against them; and thus might have crippled the two advancing columns, and have led to a real disaster. But Nelson shaped his tactics to the actual state of affairs. Disregarding routine he followed his genius. He knew that the Allied fleet was a contemptible force compared to his own; and he bore down on it in double column, convinced, as the result proved, that his headmost ships could resist the enemy until their consorts appeared on the scene, and that his method of attack would assure a victory which was the most decisive of the whole war, for it annihilated France as a power on the ocean when Napoleon had become the lord of the Continent.

Nelson's faculties were not seen at their best in calculations requiring long trains of thought, nor was his sagacity of the very highest order. He was inferior to several admirals of his day in the management of political questions. Without referring to what he did at Naples, it may be said that his ardent nature was ill-fitted to deal with civil affairs, and in this respect he cannot be compared to Wellington. This partial want of profound reflective power made him less excellent as a naval strategist than St. Vincent, or even perhaps than Hood. His plans for repelling an invasion of our shores were not original or even striking; his system of blockade more than once failed; and he could not understand the immense value of Malta

as a Mediterranean station. His position as a strategist is best determined by examining his conduct when he had to cope on his own element with the first of strategists. All honor to the renowned seaman for his pursuit of Villeneuve with a handful of ships! All honor to him for the second Lepanto, the crowning and immortal day of Trafalgar! But in pure strategy Nelson was out-manceuvred in common with every British admiral in this grand campaign by his deep-thinking enemy; and though it is quite possible, nay, perhaps probable, that Napoleon's designs for assailing our shores would have been frustrated in any event, still it must be acknowledged that he well-nigh succeeded, inferior as was his naval power on the whole, in bringing in to the Channel a great fleet, and his failure can only be partly ascribed to his foes.*

We can merely glance at the main incidents of a strategic contest which deserves special study. Napoleon had arrayed a vast armed flotilla at Boulogne. The power of his guns was so formidable that the Admiralty, and Nelson, too, believed that the emperor would rely on it to attempt the descent without other aid, and the Channel was left guarded by only a few British ships. But Napoleon had resolved to cover the passage by the presence of a fleet in great strength; and though our ascendancy at sea was certain, though Cornwallis blockaded Ganteaume at Brest and Nelson blockaded Villeneuve at Toulon, while British squadrons watched Rochefort and Ferrol, our enemy only just missed his object. Villeneuve, eluding Nelson, escaped from Toulon; rallied a Spanish squadron when off Cadiz; was at Martinique a full month before Nelson; was joined there by two ships of the line; and early in June, 1805, was on his way to Europe, his orders being to raise the blockade of Rochefort and Ferrol, to draw to him the squadrons in or near these ports, to bear down on Cornwallis with a far more numerous force, and then combining his fleet with that of Ganteaume to appear in the Channel in irresistible strength. Nelson never suspected this deep-laid design, — a strategic conception of the first order. Magnificent as was his chase of Villeneuve, he was far behind the Frenchman when he set sail

for Europe, and even then he made for the wrong point, Cadiz; and Villeneuve would not improbably have reached Ganteaume at least, had his fleet been one of even average quality. But some of the French ships sailed extremely ill; the Spanish squadron was in a woeful plight; and the voyage across the Atlantic was extraordinarily slow. This delay gave the Admiralty just time — Nelson had despatched the *Curieux* to warn it that he had missed Villeneuve — to send off Calder to stop the Frenchman. But Calder had only fifteen ships against twenty of his foe; the battle that followed was indecisive; and Villeneuve, though with the loss of two ships, made his way good to Vigo and thence to Ferrol. Here he effected his junction with a large allied squadron; and this raised his fleet to more than thirty ships of the line, the French squadron of Rochefort being now near and at sea.

These long delays, and the fight with Calder, deprived Napoleon of many chances. He had lost the advantage of a sudden surprise; and he could hardly expect to draw together his naval armaments off Brest without risking a battle. By this time Nelson had returned to Europe. Still without a suspicion of the emperor's design he had left part of his fleet with Cornwallis, and had brought only three ships with him to England; Calder and Cornwallis had joined each other; and the British fleet that barred an approach to the Channel was rather more numerous than that of Villeneuve, though very inferior to those of Villeneuve and Ganteaume united. A lion therefore lay in Villeneuve's path. It was more than probable that he would be severely beaten before he could make good his way to Brest; and in that event it is not likely that he could have joined Ganteaume, and that the two fleets could have entered the Channel. At this juncture, however, what Napoleon described as "the stupidity of the British Admiralty, gave Villeneuve an opportunity again, which a great chief might have turned to account. Cornwallis, who had thirty-five ships of the line, detached Calder with half that number to observe Villeneuve, now some days at Ferrol; and had the French admiral, who had twenty-nine ships ready — he had left three at Virgo as of no use — set sail and rallied the Rochefort squadron, he might have overwhelmed or missed Calder, have come up with and beaten Cornwallis in detail and then have attracted Ganteaume from Brest, and sailed with him into the

* There is no really good English account of the strategy of the campaign of Trafalgar. The subject must be studied in the despatches of Nelson and Collingwood, in the correspondence of Napoleon, and in the diary and letters of Villeneuve extracted by De La Gravière, from the French archives. De La Gravière's narrative is excellent and very impartial.

unguarded Channel. Villeneuve, however, a skilful but a timid leader, was not equal to an effort of the kind. He set off from Ferrol with his twenty-nine ships; but he did not discover the Rochefort fleet, and hearing that a British squadron was near, he steered southward and made for Cadiz, foredoomed within a few weeks to Trafalgar. Napoleon's project, therefore, baffled at first by the sluggishness of the Allied fleet, was baffled a second time by the weakness of Villeneuve. Yet Nelson boldly said that Calder with seventeen ships could have crippled Villeneuve — this was, we think, comparing Calder to himself — and the more cautious De La Gravière has remarked that if Calder had encountered Villeneuve he could have harassed the French fleet and rejoined Cornwallis; and in that event it was most unlikely that Villeneuve would have reached Ganteaume, and still less that both could have attained the Channel. It should also be added that, even at the worst, the French and Spanish fleets could hardly have ruled the narrow seas for a time sufficient to have enabled the flotilla to effect the passage and to keep its communications with France open. Had Calder and Cornwallis been beaten off from Brest, and had Villeneuve and Ganteaume mastered the Channel, our squadrons, gathering from all points, would before long have regained their ascendancy; and as De La Gravière more than hints a Trafalgar might have been fought between Torbay and Dover. Yet when this has been said, the fact remains that, so far as regards the gaining our shores, Napoleon's plan had many chances of success; for some time it was full of promise, and it must rank with his finest strategic conception. It failed, too, and this should be borne in mind, mainly because his fleets were exceedingly bad and Villeneuve no more than a third-rate chief. Our admirals had little to do with the failure. Notwithstanding his efforts — and they were heroic — Nelson never penetrated the emperor's design; and the conqueror of Trafalgar, in the first part of the contest, was outgeneralled from the strategic point of view.

Such was Nelson in his greatness and in his defects also, for human genius has never attained perfection. What lessons can the naval chiefs of our time learn from the career of the first of seamen? They will gather no examples of tact in poli-

tics, of the skilful management of affairs of state, of dealing with hostile or alien races; here Wellington must be the Englishman's model. Nor will they acquire much to inform them on pure strategy in the changed circumstances of naval war. Nelson was not an authority of the first order on such questions as the defence of our coasts, the protection of our commerce, the maintenance of blockades; and they will learn more from St. Vincent or Howe, and especially from the profound Collingwood, the one British admiral who had the slightest inkling of Napoleon's projects in 1804-5. Unlike Cochrane, too, Nelson had no turn for mechanical improvements and inventions; these were few in his time and he rather disdained them. Had Cochrane lived to the present day — he saw the launch of the first ironclad — his certainly would have been the master mind to connect the seamanship of the past and the present, to make modern discoveries tell in naval warfare, to devise the best new system of naval tactics. Yet the character and the achievements of Nelson are of inestimable value to seamen of our age, and should be carefully studied by the chiefs of our fleets. In his day, as in ours, the conditions of war were suddenly changed in a few years. Nelson realized this momentous fact more thoroughly than any other leader; and this secret of his success should be kept in mind in a special way by our higher naval officers. It is unnecessary to say that Nelson's seamanship must be always a subject of thought and reflection. The days of sails have been replaced by those of steam; but now, even more than a century ago, skill in pilotage, attention to the details of his ships, and control over their intricate mechanism, and above all, ability in directing these huge structures through the perils of the deep, must be a chief care of the naval commander. For the rest, the daring, the resolution, the quickness of Nelson, and especially the gifts that made him a leader of men and the first naval tactician of his age, are precious examples for the admirals of our day. And they are just as valuable in this age of ironclads as they were in those of the old Victory; nay, qualities of this kind may have even more decisive results in modern war than they had at the Nile and Trafalgar.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

From The Fortnightly Review.
A CELEBRATED FRENCHWOMAN.

NOR altogether worldly, not altogether a saint, Madame de Maintenon, as she herself avows, was ostentatious in her virtue. The real fact is, that at the cost of incalculable sacrifices, she succeeded in earning for herself all but universal respect and esteem. After her death, opinion asserted itself more freely; many pronounced her not only deficient in imagination, some went even so far as to doubt whether she could be credited with a heart.

She was certainly not emotional. The following frigid consolation offered by her to a friend, the Princess des Ursins,* in some great trouble, will make it evident that the heart, if it existed, was not shown outwardly. "Madame," she placidly remarks, "we should endure in silence the sorrows that Providence sees fit to send us." Excellent true! as Iago would doubtless have exclaimed, but none the less too "excellent hard!" We have only to follow up this advice to Madame des Ursins with Madame de Maintenon's own account of her interview with Madame de Fontanges,† and it will not be difficult to understand the antipathetic feeling with which the pseudo-queen still inspires a certain number of excellent people. "The king sent me to Madame de Fontanges" (writes Madame de Maintenon‡) "who was in a perfect fury about something that had put her out. His Majesty dreaded a scene, so I tried to induce her to adopt the high-minded resolution of leaving him, at the same time dilating on the nobility that would characterize such a course. 'Madame,' was her impetuous answer, 'You speak to me of giving up a passion as though it were an old dress!'" In fact, of those reasons by which, according to Pascal, "the heart is supreme over reason," Madame de Maintenon was profoundly ignorant. "It is my desire to be respected," she writes to her director, "that protects me against passion,§ and, as to my punctiliousness in conversation, it is solely due to a strong sense of worldly prudence," — the same prudence which is the chief characteristic of Madame de Maintenon's eloquence, an eloquence born of sagacity; not like Madame de Sévigné's, of emotion. The eloquence of Françoise d'Aubigné is the outcome of experience

and toil; the eloquence of Madame de Sévigné is the outburst of a true woman's heart, though one, it must be remembered, which prosperity and good fortune had allowed to beat naturally, an advantage the value of which it is impossible to over-rate. Poverty had not cramped Marie de Rabutin's feelings from childhood, or imposed on these feelings the necessary restraint of perpetual prudence. While Françoise d'Aubigné, in 1644, was emerging from her wretched infancy, oppressed by the treble burden of good birth, paternal disgrace,* and positive beggary, her contemporary, "la Demoiselle de Bourgoigne," as Madame de Sévigné calls herself, was being led to the altar by the "Beau Sévigné."

Love is woman's natural "climate," if we may be allowed the expression. Placed in its atmosphere at the proper moment of existence, her nature expands, as did Madame de Sévigné's; excluded from it, as was Françoise d'Aubigné, the heart becomes transformed, only too fortunate if, in the process of transformation, it escapes being withered up. Good birth, combined with beggary, is a terrible anomaly; on men it weighs heavily enough, but it is for women that it reserves the brunt of its tyranny. Let us picture one of these penniless "gentlewomen;" young, we will say, and with all the instincts and impulses of youth. She has only to be innocently natural, to become at once an object of suspicion, or worse. Or, if in order to disarm censoriousness, she stifles her feelings and is coldly *comme il faut*, she is pretty certain to be set down as either a hypocrite or a prude. Her heart may never assert itself except at the expense of her character; and her character can never hope to be secure except at the expense of her heart. Suffering should evoke something more than mere endurance. It should rouse to action, at least, if there are to be women like Jacqueline Pascal and Charlotte Corday, women capable of living and dying for an abstract love, as Juliet died for Romeo, passionately. Though Françoise d'Aubigné's "passionately moderate"† nature prevented her from rising to heroism, she had at all events sufficient courage to enable her to face danger, whatever the cost. She resolved to bear the heat of the battle in the world, and not out of it, in a convent. Her precocious wisdom, her modest but quite adequate estimate of her fight-

* It was then the custom in France to translate foreign names: "des Ursins" stands for Orsini.

† Geffroy, vol. ii., p. 359.

‡ Geffroy, vol. i.

§ Lettre à l'Abbé Gobelin, son confesseur, 8 Janvier, 1680.

* M. d'Aubigné, Françoise's father, had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment for forgery

† Geffroy, vol. ii.

ing capacities, her predominant love of respect and esteem, these complex considerations, neither sublime nor base, but simply a mean between the two, induced her at the early age of sixteen to adopt as the ruling principle of her life *Vertu malgré tout*. How firmly this principle was rooted may be gathered from the following assertion of Mademoiselle de Lenclos. "I have tried in vain,"* writes Ninon, "to cure her of her virtue, but she believes too much in God!" The time at which Mademoiselle d'Aubigné became Madame Scarron is precisely the period of M. de Villarceaux's first fit of adoration for Mademoiselle de Lenclos. Still this idolatry was not so ardent as not to be susceptible of diversion in favor of Ninon's lovely friend. What Madame Scarron herself felt about this devotion she has not revealed, but she has presented us with a glimpse of M. de Villarceaux's personal appearance in the following passage addressed to his wife: "27 August, 1660, day of the king's † entrance. M. de Villarceaux's dark face was much remarked and his appearance greeted with great applause." Did the "dark face" make any impression on the cautious narrator? We expect it did; otherwise, at the very time that its owner was most ardent in his attentions, she would hardly have sought as eagerly as she did the society of her admirer's wife. Evidently she considered her best chance of safety was to place the wife between herself and the husband. The incident bore its fruit. Forty years later one of Madame de Maintenon's best *entretiens* to her "children of St. Cyr," as she terms them, was a disquisition on the sorrows of married life; and as she used laughingly to avow to her brother that all she knew of married life was by hearsay, in all probability it is no other than Madame de Villarceaux who there represents the pattern of "love, patience, and mercy."

Let us picture [she writes] a young husband who deems it fashionable ‡ not only to neglect his wife, but to make love to other women whom he sometimes may even encourage to insult her; thus humiliating not his wife alone, but the mother of his children. Now if to all these outrages the wife will only oppose patience, it not unfrequently happens that the husband, heartless though his conduct has been, feels her charm revive once more, and returns to his duty. But mind you, my dear girls, this little martyrdom is very

seldom a passing affair; it may have lasted for years. Above all things, lay this to heart—even at the best, marriage is no joke. "Quand vous serez mariées vous verrez bien qu'il n'y a pas de quoi rire!"

Through her whole life the grand-daughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the comrade of Henri IV., could never forget the domestic degradation of her early childhood and the abject poverty with which she was surrounded. So indelible was the recollection of those miserable days, that more than half a century afterwards we find her writing to a "Mother of St. Cyr" the following precept on the duties of genteel poverty: "Our girls must work," she writes. "Common housework must not disgust them.* They must obey; they are poor, and they must remember their poverty." This last injunction is evidently inspired by the rankling of the wound received as long ago as 1639 from the gaoler's daughter. The incident was this. The child, who was a sort of playfellow of Françoise d'Aubigné, came to her one day in high glee, to show her some rather costly playthings just given to her, little Françoise herself being dressed in rags. The little D'Aubigné, however, was equal to the occasion. "That you may have fine toys," she replied, "and even money, is possible, and I don't deny it; but I am a 'demoiselle' and you are not!"

From this episode Françoise d'Aubigné formed her estimate of the proper attitude to be observed by indigence to wealth. Ever afterwards, whether at her aunt's, Madame de Neuillant † keeping the geese with a mask on her nose, ‡ or at the Maréchale d'Albret's, degrading her superior faculties to humor the whims of a worthless nonentity; or, § at Madame de Montespan's, witnessing indescribable scenes between the favorite and the king, § everywhere and always the same lesson serves. Henceforth she knows that the only answer to the insolence of wealth is dignified reserve; in order that no one else may ever presume to remind her of it, she never ceases to keep her poverty well in view; her humility becomes the armor of her pride, and impertinence and vulgarity are triumphantly held at bay.

But such lessons are dearly purchased. Dignity may be vindicated, but youth is destroyed. When at four-and-twenty all that life can record is a successful contest with the avarice of a Madame de Neuillant

* Walckenaer sur Madame de Sévigné.

† Lettre à Madame de Villarceaux, Manuscrits de Versailles.

‡ Geffroy, vol. ii., p. 19.

* La Vallée, *Entretiens de St. Cyr*, p. 135.

† *Entretiens de St. Cyr*.

‡ Geffroy, vol. i.

§ Lettre à l'Abbé Gobelin.

and the caprices of a Madame d'Albret, when not one of its healthy teachings, its love deceptions even, have been experienced; when no affections have been blighted, no illusions swept away; when in fact respectability — call it a good reputation, if you will — has been achieved at the cost of everything else that is vital to humanity, the day, it is true, is won, but the inner woman is destroyed. Then comes the hour for the censors, and by the voice of no less a man than M. Cousin,* they declare Madame de Maintenon to have been "as devoid of the sense of duty as she was of the capacity of loving."

Here, however, M. Cousin's delicate insight into feminine nature is decidedly at fault, for in reality Madame de Maintenon possessed both. She was far from insensible to duty, and she certainly had the capacity of even warm affection. Of this the following passage, relative to the young Duc du Maine's illness, is an incontestable proof.†

The suffering that the Duc du Maine is undergoing through the treatment of his English doctor keeps me in the most frightful anxiety. I am terrified at the sight of all the remedies my dear child is ordered to take. [Again she adds] Monsieur le Duc was seized yesterday with a high fever.‡ As my health depends on his, I could not help fainting at the moment he was taken ill. His society, dear child, is delightful to me; he requires my constant care, and my tender love for him makes this care my dearest and most precious occupation.

That Madame Scarron's austerity should have allowed her to accept the place of *gouvernante* to the illegitimate children of Madame de Montespan and the king has been, of course, the subject of unlimited criticism, and of sometimes even very sharp abuse. "Once having the honor to approach the king, I could speak to him as a Christian and as a real friend." Thus writes Madame de Maintenon to her spiritual director, the Abbé Gobelin, in 1669.

So far, so good; but are such posts as these conferred entirely without solicitation? The proof of the contrary is furnished by the fact that the marquise herself writes as follows in the year 1666: "Madame de Thianges (sister to Madame de Montespan) has introduced me to her sister, the Marquise de Montespan. I depicted my misery without lowering myself,

in fact, I think even Madame de Lafayette* would have been satisfied with the *à propos* of my expressions." Besides, Madame de Maintenon's detractors might have remembered that under Madame de Lavallière's reign at court, Madame Colbert, the minister's widow, who was admittedly irreproachable, had held herself highly honored by the appointment to that very same post.

But "nous voulons toujours qu'une grande fortune soit l'ouvrage d'un grand dessein," says M. Brunetière in his remarkable study of Madame de Maintenon, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, to believe that only good fortune or intrigue can achieve greatness, is to the envious, no doubt some sort of consolation.

It happens, however, that in Madame Scarron's case, neither the one nor the other were at work, and instead of imagining Madame Scarron cajoling ministers, mistresses, bishops, and directors,† it would have been just as easy to attribute her success to the real cause — the good offices of powerful friends.

In the year 1638 Madame d'Aubigné (née Cardeilhac) and her daughter Françoise had returned from "La Martinique." They lived in the neighborhood of Scarron and Mademoiselle de Lenclos, upon an income of two hundred francs a year and the charity of their friends. In 1650 Madame d'Aubigné died, and in order to continue his practical assistance to her, Scarron‡ married Françoise. Evidence of Scarron's delicate behavior in the whole matter is to be found in his wife's assertion that, at his death, she merely lost to him the best of all *her friends*.

Scarron's house was a gay one, but to meet on equal terms such men as Ménage, Fenquière, Segrais, Racan, the first "causeurs" of the day — such women as Madame de Sévigné§ and Madame de Lafayette, eminent Italian, Spanish, and Latin scholars, poor, uneducated Françoise was endowed with nothing but her *esprit*. This, however, sufficed. Bearing in mind the miseries of the past, and the precariousness of her present position, she determined to convert the guests at her

* Madame de Lafayette, the "amie" of M. de La Rochefoucauld, author of "Maximes," wrote numerous novels, among which the "Princesse de Clèves" is noted as her *chef-d'œuvre*.

† Madame de Maintenon, by Ferdinand Brunetière, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Février, 1887.

‡ Scarron, at his marriage, had already been an invalid for the last twenty years.

§ The marquise made the acquaintance of Scarron shortly after his marriage and on the occasion of this acquaintance Scarron dedicated a sonnet to Madame de Sévigné.

* Jacqueline Pascal, 1 vol.

† Letter to the Abbé Gobelin, vol. i., p. 55.

‡ Abbé Gobelin, vol. i., p. 52.

husband's famous suppers into steadfast friends.

She felt that, Scarron once off the scene, she must again become the "waif and stray" of former days, exposed to insults, belonging to none, protected by none; she therefore made the most of the ten years of her married life in the effort to surround herself with friends; this cannot be called intrigue, it is simply self-defence. That she had been prudent was seen in 1660 when, becoming a widow, she gained the hospitality and protection of the Montchevreuils and later on of the Hendicourts.

Madame de Montchevreuil had a numerous family, and among her infant children one required special attention; here again the natural human love so systematically stifled by Françoise d'Aubigné asserts itself, as we have seen it did towards the little Duke du Maine.

"Little Montchevreuil has a bad leg. None can manage him but myself, and I have ordered that I shall be called for at any hour to nurse the dear child."*

Three years here, two years there, at other times moving from one lodging to another, everywhere and always in poverty; that is the history of the eight years that elapse from the time of her widowhood, 1660, to the date of her entering the Duc du Maine's household, as already mentioned.

Ever since the first meeting at Madame de Thianges, the Marquise de Montespan had taken a fancy to Madame Scarron. "My aunt and Madame Scarron were equally pleased with each other; they found each other as clever as they really are,"† writes Madame de Caylus.

In the year 1669, when she entered on her post of *gouvernante* she was thirty-six. At the time when youth devotes itself to dreams, her reality had been Scarron, a noble-hearted, but infirm old man! Now at the hour of life when woman's heart beats highest Scarron was gone, and her realities had become once more the familiar ones of her childhood — struggle and poverty.

No youth, no love! Rigid honor! strait-laced indigence! such was her past. Renown might do its best; it could never take the place of happiness, or efface the memories that misery had branded on her heart.

The actual beggary of the streets at Niort in 1649‡ was now exchanged, in

1669, for even worse — the beggary of the *salon*. When at the age of twelve she had stood ragged and frozen at the convent door, her soul at least had been clothed in hope. Now her heart was torn — not her dress. Still courage was left to her, and with that courage she struggled on. With that courage, also, she turned human into abstract passion; and gave to a "passion de l'âme," as Descartes terms it, all she had denied to herself.

She became an *éducatrice*. "Any praise which you please to give me on my educational capacities I will swallow thankfully. Je suis véritablement persuadée que j'en sais beaucoup là-dessus."*

Thus she wrote to the Princesse des Ursins after the foundation of St. Cyr. What M. Scherer, in his excellent articles in the *Temps*,† describes as Madame de Maintenon's "pedagogical" tastes are not mere tastes; they are the result of a "call," of a genuine vocation, and this is superabundantly proved by her "enseignements de St. Cyr."

In the year 1669 her own experience had made her already a consummate physician of "soul diseases." Was it not therefore natural that she should aspire to take out a diploma for the treatment of evils which she felt confident of her ability to alleviate, if not to cure.

She had moral acquirements to spend; not "honey," like Fénelon, but "marrow," with which to strengthen her disciples. It is, then, surely possible to admit that in her case the promptings of pure inspiration may have at least superseded those of mere personal interest.

The ten years of her life at Vaugirard with the prince, as well as the years which followed, were the favorite theme of her St. Cyr lectures.

I often climbed up ladders [she was wont to say to her girls in 1707] and no work was too humble for me; ‡ besides this I had to keep the "nourrices" from overwork for fear of their injuring their health. Often have I walked disguised from nurse to nurse, carrying provisions under my arm; many a night have I passed with one of the children § who was lying ill in a house out of town. I used to

daughter had obtained from the Jesuits of Niort the privilege of receiving three times a week a pot of soup, which either brother or sister went to fetch at the door of the convent, where they stood herded among all the other beggars. (1705, R. P. Duverger, Dean at Saintes; Geffroy, vol. i., p. 5.)

* Geffroy, vol. ii.

† Four articles upon Madame de Maintenon by M. Scherer in the *Temps* of May, 1887.

‡ Geffroy, vol. ii.

§ The king had three children by Madame de Montespan — Mademoiselle de Blois, the Comte du Vésin, and the Duc du Maine.

* Entretiens de St. Cyr, Geffroy, vol. i.

† Geffroy, vol. i., p. 26.

‡ Housed by charity, Madame d'Aubigné and her

return in the morning, entering by a back door, dress, and then openly drive away, and pay my visits to Mesdames de Richelieu and d'Albret, so that no one might have a suspicion of these mysterious doings of mine.*

But although these mysterious doings had nothing in them, Madame de Coulanges thought it worth while to waste reams of note-paper in entreating Madame de Sévigné to unravel the secret! However, finding itself baffled, Parisian society philosophically turned its attention to the tragedy of Madame Henriette's death, and the comedy of La Grande Mademoiselle's marriage,† the unfathomed "mysteries" ending in the king's presenting the *gouvernante* with the estate of Maintenon, whence she derived her new name and title. A few months before this gift, in September, 1674, Madame Scarron had written as follows to the Abbé Gobelin:—

I have just had a regular scene with Madame de Montespan; I shed tears, and she told the whole affair to the King in her own fashion, denouncing me as "une bizarre qu'il faut ménager!" She can never be my friend, and without friendship I cannot live.

In 1675 Madame Scarron again writes to the abbé:—

Matters between Madame de Montespan and myself have come to extremities, and before the King, too! I shall not be able to endure it much longer. . . . Do not abandon me. . . . God's will be done!

All these little storms were only fore-runners of the great thunderclap that came in 1675 from the Bishop of Meaux, in the shape of an "order" to the king to leave the favorite behind him in his expedition to the Netherlands. But the defeat was only short-lived, being followed by a triumphant reconquest by the favorite, which Madame de Sévigné recounts to Madame de Grignan as follows:—

Ah, my daughter, what a triumph at Versailles! What redoubled importance! What a solid re-establishment! What a Duchesse de Valentinois! ‡ Did absence ever give such zest to a return? She absolutely dazzles the Ambassadors!

And now, at last, Madame Scarron, hitherto always on the defensive, can afford to throw off her armor. She is a woman of rank, with a definite court

"status," a free being, with the right to speak and breathe independently. In 1676 we find her enjoying her first visit to her estate. "I have had here," she writes,* "Madame de Barillon, Mademoiselle de Montgeron, Madame de Montchevreuil. The king has sent me 'Le Notre.' † Madame de Guise has also visited me." One can well imagine her enjoyment of "home;" the delight of being a hostess to one who had hitherto never been anything but a guest; the liberty to speak or to be silent; but her newly found freedom only made the return to the yoke more irksome. "It goes ill with me at court," she writes in July, 1677, to the Abbé Gobelin. "My affairs are worse and worse, nothing seems to improve them. I am in despair. I cannot go on forever giving up my life and my salvation like this." She who had once had to fight for bread now fought off honors! In 1679 she became "surintendante" of the Dauphine's household, the highest court title next to being *surintendante* of the queen's. "I am told," writes Madame de Sévigné, "that Madame de Maintenon is to have high promotion. I am not at all surprised; to justify these honors she need only be herself, full of goodness and esprit!" "C'est un esprit qui suffit à Madame de Montespan et n'excède pas le Roi," said a contemporary. Her delightful conversation was, according to Madame de Sévigné, "a new land" discovered by the king; a peaceful land, and probably, therefore, all the more welcome after Madame de Montespan's stormy empire.

It was after an expedition in 1679 to Barèges with the Duc du Maine that, under the pretext of giving reports of the duke's health, Madame de Maintenon commenced her direct correspondence with the king. Then between 1678 and 1679 occurred the definite rupture with Madame de Montespan, followed in 1680 by the death of the queen. "Duty and pleasure having simultaneously failed him," writes Madame de Maintenon, "the king finds himself in a situation as novel as it is distasteful." On the day of the queen's death the future *wife* was quietly stealing out of Versailles, when the Duc de la Rochefoucauld seized her arm, peremptorily drew her back, and ushered her into the royal apartments with these words: "This is no moment to desert his Majesty; he needs your help now more than ever."

* Letter to Madame d'Aubigné, Geffroy.

† The great organizers of Versailles.

* For a long time Madame Scarron kept her charge unknown to the public.

† Madame Henriette, daughter of Charles I., died in 1669. She inspired the Berenice of Racine: "La Grande Mademoiselle" was Mademoiselle de Montpensier, whose bellicose temper had won her that sobriquet. She married M. de Lauzun.

‡ Diane de Poitiers, "queen over three kings."

From that day Madame de Maintenon "passed* every evening from eight o'clock till ten, conversing quietly with the king; Monsieur de Chamaraude escorts her in, and escorts her out in the face of the whole world!" In the summer following the queen's death the court went to Fontainebleau; "but," writes Madame de Caylus,† "the king will go nowhere without Madame de Maintenon, and she will come here with Madame la Dauphine as a matter of course." Recurring to that period she continues: "I remember I was then particularly struck by a good deal of unusual agitation in my aunt's manner, which I now conclude must have been occasioned by uncertainty as to what would be the result of the important event then on the 'tapis.' In fact, I now feel certain that her heart at that particular time was no longer free; to explain the tears she could not restrain, she told her servant and myself that she had *des vapeurs*, nevertheless, oddly enough, she was able to drive out at all sorts of unreasonable hours in the sole company of Madame de Montchevreuil." Why these tears, these night drives? why the overthrow of the moral equilibrium of such a woman, if it was not that the "one love of a lifetime," described by La Rochefoucauld,‡ had become hers at last? Unless every feeling was numbed, unless her heart was dead, was it likely that this desolate woman could refuse her love to one whom Madame de Lavallière had never forgotten? Is it not probable, then, that Madame de Caylus was right, and that when Madame de Maintenon came down to Fontainebleau her heart was "no longer free"?

A very short time after the return to Paris, according to St. Simon, the secret marriage took place in the king's private apartments at Versailles, before the Archbishop de Harlay, Louvois being the king's witness, while M. de Montchevreuil officiated in the same capacity for the marquise. Mass was performed by the Père la Chaise, confessor to the king, and served by Boutenot, his Majesty's valet. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon's most triumphant achievement lies in the fact that her secret marriage has never been doubted.

Two years afterwards came the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," prohibiting all free religious practice allowed by Henri

IV. in 1598. If St. Simon is right, and Madame de Maintenon really instigated this arbitrary act against her former co-religionists (all the D'Aubignés had been Huguenots), she at least did something towards atoning for it by the foundation of St. Cyr in the following year (1686) "a creation" (according to the *Mercure Galant* of September, 1686) "only to be equalled by that of the Hôtel des Invalides."

St. Cyr ("the king's wedding gift," says Scherer) was the outcome of the lessons of Madame de Maintenon's life. Just as a great physician devotes himself to the cure of one particular disease, founds a hospital for this malady, and alleviates, if he cannot cure, its victims; so, with the same noble zeal, did Madame de Maintenon found St. Cyr, which may be called a hospital for the treatment of "poverty-stricken gentility" — a disease formidable enough to adults, but far more morally fatal to the child, inasmuch as from the day it first draws breath the poor little creature is the innocent victim of the folly or misfortune of its parents. They have either mismanaged or gambled, or been overtaken by disaster; but, whatever the causes, it has been necessary to invoke "charity." There is the crime, and one which the unfortunate child is doomed to expiate probably through the whole of its life. Nowhere welcome, everywhere friendless, such a child is either left to itself or driven to associate with low-born playfellows, who make "fallen gentility" the perpetual object of their sneers, while the hints and innuendoes of so-called friends soon teach it to renounce all respect for its parents.

In the case of a girl, twelve years of her life will not have passed before she discovers that she is the victim of all this misery, all these humiliations, simply because she is poor. All the homilies of Holy Writ will not console her for the bitter tears she is daily made to shed, and it will not require much reflection to come to the conclusion that in real truth poverty is shame. From the day that a girl is driven to that conclusion she must either rise or sink — rise morally above the world, or sink into the depths of falsehood and dishonor. To be able to resolve on and maintain a middle course, like Françoise d'Aubigné, requires her moderate nature, a nature capable of resisting the human, without invoking the aid of the sublime. It was precisely this moderation of temperament that was the main-spring of the system on which Madame

* Madame de Sévigné. Geffroy, vol. i.

† The precise but somewhat pompous biographer of Madame de Maintenon.

‡ Maximes, "Il n'y a qu'un amour," etc.

de Maintenon modelled the conduct of her life. She dispassionately examined and analyzed her own case, as if it had been another woman's. Her "solidity"* enabled her to stand, as it were, midway between godliness and pleasure, without clinging to the one or leaning on the other. This innate moderation endowed her in no common degree with diagnostic precision. She did not expect from others her own placid courage; she well knew that, having once discovered that poverty is shame, a girl would have recourse to deception in order to escape, if not the cause, at least the effect. Truth, then, was the only cure, for in truth alone lies the dignity of poverty. It was accordingly by the agency of truth that a St. Cyr girl, having once appreciated her real position, was to be taught to accept it with patience and equanimity. Two hundred years later another great woman, Margaret Fuller,† when dealing with the subject of youthful deception, testified to the excellence of this system by adopting it herself.

It was a cardinal principle at St. Cyr that a girl was never to lose sight of her poverty, lest she should be diverted from mental elevation, her sole future resource against the difficulties and hardships she was destined to contend with.

I saw yesterday [writes Madame de Maintenon to Madame de Caylus, in 1707] that the bodices of the Mesdemoiselles de Conflans were much too low and their "modesties" also not high enough.‡ It ought to have been often enough impressed on my girls at St. Cyr that it is indelicate to wear such dresses, but the very remembrance of their humble condition should have made it incumbent on Mesdemoiselles de Conflans to rise superior to fashion. Nothing is so ridiculous as for young girls who are compelled to dress *en grisette*§ to exhibit their throats for the sake of *La Mode*! Speak to Mesdemoiselles de Conflans about this; it is insufferable.||

St. Cyr had existed in an embryo state before Madame de Maintenon's time, first at Montmorency, then at Noisy-le-Sec. It was only after the king gave the property to Madame de Maintenon that Mansart converted it into the splendid structure that has since become a military college.

* According to the king, her leading characteristic.

† See Memoirs of Margaret Fuller.

‡ "Modesty," lace tied round the body.

§ "Grisette," a costume then worn by poor girls of good family.

|| The "uniform" of the ladies is to be seen at the "estampes" of the Bibliothèque Nationale; it was of black "étamine," falling straight in long pleats; a white frill at the neck; under the veil a white twill cap. The gloves were black kid, lined with white kid to preserve the whiteness of the hand.

The constitution of St. Cyr was *laïque*, and though the lady teachers were "nuns," they were neither "cloistered" nor called "mother," but "madame."

"My institute is for action, not prayer," the marquise used to say, the word "action," as opposed to "prayer," being merely intended to denote the unconventionality that M. Gréart alludes to in his remarkable work, "L'Education secondaire des filles," where he terms Madame de Maintenon the first of "laïque" teachers. We may observe, by the way, that Monsieur le Recteur of the Paris Academy calls Madame de Maintenon, "la première des institutrices laïques," whereas, as a matter of fact, she never was "une institutrice," but "une éducatrice." Education was with her the foremost aim—not "instruction." "Education," as understood by Madame de Maintenon, was to be a moral capital, an assured "resource" to be taken away by the girl at her departure from the school; not a short-lived, scholarly success in examination, but, as it were, a permanent fund to which the girl might at all times have recourse.

Education, like food, is only nutritive when assimilated; and as assimilation is essentially a natural and spontaneous process, it was one of Madame de Maintenon's chief studies to adapt education to the assimilative capacities of her girls, a task in which she was aided in no small degree by her knowledge of the strength and weakness of the sex under her care. Prepared to find in woman's imagination alike temptation and its antidote, it is to imagination above all things that she seeks to impart a healthy tone. She first calls forth her girls' admiration for *le beau abstrait*, she peoples their brains with Plutarch's great men, she fires them with enthusiasm of Roman and Greek grandeur; she then turns to Racine and Corneille, making the same girls *live through* the heroic deeds of Esther and Pauline!*

Thus, to brace their imagination, but from another point of view, Madame de Maintenon has Madame Guyon down to St. Cyr, to instruct her children on metaphysical subjects. When once well imbued with the creations of great thinkers, she directs the children's minds to con-

* This system of enthusiasm had, however, more than once somewhat unlooked-for results. Two of the St. Cyr girls became so much more "enthused" with the real than the ideal that they were impelled to run away with heroes of a less classic mould. Still, as there were two hundred girls at St. Cyr, and as the pair who did run away came to no eventual harm, the system cannot be blamed for these two backsliders.

centration; they are made to digest thoroughly all the nourishment they have received. In Madame de Maintenon's system it is the girl's mind that is stimulated, not merely her mechanical "memory;" she is taught to think; that is the talisman with which, when once acquired, she will be able fearlessly to confront life.

Destined as a rule to make a poor marriage, the St. Cyr girls would have to lead a rough, lonely sort of life in what was then called a *château*, but what was in reality nothing better than a farmhouse of the present day. Qualified, as she should be, however, to read the book of life, her mind would lift her out of her surroundings. Amidst the country, Pascal, Bossuet, Montaigne, and Plutarch would commune with her as they communed in after years with Eugénie de Guérin.

Madame de Maintenon's training system is that of cultivation, not reformation — cultivation being fertile, whereas reformation is necessarily effete; for whilst straining her brain to acquire the more evenly balanced capacities of man, woman inevitably loses her natural gift of spontaneous intuition.

Intuition — the "poetic nature" — is, above all others, the true woman's gift; a gift as strongly manifested when breaking Mademoiselle Pascal's heart,* as in Imogen's poetic submission to her unjust husband's decree. Though this gift is inherent in woman's intellect, it does not follow that it should be always apparent. But whether visible or invisible, it lives; and *par excellence* in woman. Its first stage is attention; its second stage, meditation; its third stage, action. In its first stage it leads to observation, in its second stage it leads to study, in its third stage it may lead to creation.

Possessed only of the *first* of these three stages, namely, observation, woman is already equipped with a formidable resource against ennui. Moreover, observation will lead to reading, and reading to *expression*, in other words, writing. Observation lends a halo to the most homely cares and finds beauty in the dullest landscape.

Madame de Maintenon's self-made education had preserved her from *pédanterie*, and *pédanterie* would certainly have prevented her marriage with the king. Louis indeed afterwards avowed that his fear of finding her a "blue stocking" made him hesitate a long while before

proposing the marriage. Then, too, the marquise's wisdom and experience had led her to conclude that with woman the moral education is of by far the highest importance. Her end was only accomplished when the girl's mental resources were strongly enough established to enable her in after years to rise superior to such circumstances as childlessness or loneliness, when she had sufficiently mastered the mechanism of meditation to profit by the lessons of experience.

It was by "essay" writing that she tested the mental calibre of her children. For "fine" writing, or any that did not provoke reflection, she had supreme contempt; she was never satisfied that she had done her duty towards a future woman until the intellect was not merely well cultivated, but had begun to show symptoms of growth.

In her moral teaching, in order to stimulate her girls to the acquirement of personal dignity, she would not hesitate to instance herself, and, in so doing, to expose her own weakness.

It was my wont in my early youth* to appear in the highest society in a poor black "étamine," more conspicuous in that attire than a St. Cyr uniform would be at Court. All this was really nothing but ostentation, the wish to show by an opposite extreme that, having no means of competing with other ladies in dressing, I showed myself altogether superior to it. This drew towards me a world of admiration. Could it be conceived that so young a person could have the courage of such simplicity? I appeared in this case in a far better light than if I had worn a discoloured silk dress such as poor "demoiselles" will do in their effort to follow fashion without the means. I kept steadfast to my resolution of receiving no presents. Almost my only possession of any value was a lovely amber fan. This was one day lying on a table, when a gentleman who was admiring it accidentally let it fall, and it was broken to pieces, which naturally I greatly regretted. The next day this same gentleman sent me a dozen fans of the same kind as the one he had broken. I sent them back and did without any fan at all! You will hardly believe what respect this won for me, and that very respect was so precious to me that I would not for the world have exchanged it for any gift, however priceless.

Apart from the all-absorbing topic of St. Cyr, Madame de Maintenon's correspondence mostly mentions political anxieties.

On the 10th April, 1707, she doubts the capacity of the Maréchal de Tessé:

* Jacqueline Pascal, sister of Blaise, owed her death to the signature which, against her will, she was forced to give to the *formulæ*.

* Geffroy, p. 23, vol. i.

"Italian affairs" trouble you, madame; for my part, the Maréchal de Tessé's own despondency makes me uneasy!" But in August, 1707, matters have mended: † "So much for our prognostications, madame! The maréchal has just rendered France the greatest service; the siege of Toulouse is at an end! Our navy is brilliant! The Duke of Savoy is out of Provence!" Still the marquise did not occasionally disdain what Madame de Sévigné terms "le ragoût des petites histoires" — the "relish of gossip" — and the Princesse des Ursins gratifies her by sending detailed descriptions of the queen of Spain's court.

The Spanish ladies [writes Princesse des Ursins, 21 March, 1707] never appear before five o'clock. They rise between eleven and twelve, breakfast from two to three, then sleep. In the Queen's apartment, after kneeling for the *baise-main*, they have to squat on the floor, with the exception of the wives of the *grands*, who are allowed stools. They have no accomplishments; they do not dance, or play, or sing. The only talent they seem to possess (it must be owned to perfection) is that of begging, for they are perpetually asking favors for their husbands, their friends, or their household. They wear small relics of saints, rosaries, crosses, etc. These manners and customs, Madame [ends the Princesse des Ursins] may have their merit, but it must be confessed that they certainly lack the merit of being entertaining.

In her turn the marquise is on occasion a court chronicler. To console the king of Spain, Philippe V., for being separated from all his friends, the marquise writes to him a gossiping letter about home doings. In this letter, after a glimpse of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, Philippe's sister-in-law (*née* Carignan), we are told that, "La Duchesse de Bourgogne is becoming French (October, 1707); she is gay, though at need capable of great gravity." But in spite of her great position, in spite of the interests of St. Cyr and politics, throughout the marquise's letters, from 1704 till the end of her life, there is one element that always predominates — *satiété*! "When I think of the loathing ‡ I have always felt for the court, I see that God destined me to live in it in order to save me. In 1707 she tells us of her daily routine in Versailles: —

On his return from the hounds, the King comes to my apartments; when once with me, no one else is admitted. Then, when we are

alone, I have to listen to all his vexations, his cares, his griefs. Often he gives way to floods of tears! His power of conversation is *nil*. Our *tête-à-tête* is often interrupted by some minister with bad news. The King then sets to his work. If it is desired that I should be present, I am called for; if not, I retire. Whilst the King is at work, I take my supper, though it is not once in two months that I am allowed any comfort during this meal. So hurried am I through it all that I order my dessert to be brought in with my meat. I leave Mesdames d'Hendicourt and de Danjeau at table, as they cannot accomplish such a hasty meal as myself; for which, indeed, I have often dearly paid by illness.

Of the friends of her obscurer days, Mesdames d'Hendicourt, de Danjeau, de Montchevreuil, and even Mademoiselle de Lenclos * (though the latter not openly, yet always faithfully), are those to whom Madame de Maintenon has still remained true. If her friendship for Racine was not invariably constant, it is accounted for by his Jansenistic tendencies. "In the world" (writes the marquise to Madame de Gassion, a lady of St. Cyr) "you would certainly have found more pleasure than at St. Cyr, but you would have lost your soul! Racine would have fascinated you, and drawn you into the Jansenist cabal. If Racine had been aware of this letter, it would scarcely have disconcerted him less than a certain other epistle from Madame de Sévigné to her cousin Bussy. † "Poor Racine," she writes, "who slumbers in the arms of Endymion's fair mistress, has a singular notion of playing courtier! Witness the following astounding remark to his Majesty: 'I no longer wonder at a soldier's bravery; his life is so detestable that it makes death quite welcome!'" In 1715 Louis's reign was drawing to a close. "I wish your condition were as peaceful as mine," writes Madame de Maintenon, ten days after the king's death, to the Princesse des Ursins. "The king died like a saint and like a hero. I have left the world which I always hated, and am living here at St. Cyr in the most lovable retreat conceivable." It is in this lovable retreat that, having passed through the successive stages of misery and opprobrium, doubtful appre-

* Mademoiselle de Lenclos was well-born and received from her father, a clever man of the world, a sound classical education. One of her most lasting associations was with St. Evremont the epicurean. At fifteen she commenced a long life as a refined epicurean, a *role* to which she consistently adhered till her death. She never lost a friend, and proved herself fully worthy of her reputation of *très-honnête homme*, a happy definition of her unimpeachable honor and deficient virtue.

† Letter 685, p. 180, edition Hachette, vol. iv., respecting Racine and Boileau on the subject of the army.

* Lettre à la Princesse des Ursins, p. 120, Geffroy, vol. ii.

† Ibid. p. 137.

‡ Geffroy, p. 48, vol. i.

ciation, and, finally, prosperity and greatness, Françoise d'Aubigné quietly prepares for the last stage of all, death.

Four years after Louis had been laid in St. Denis, the doors of her room are softly opened, the visitor silently beckons, and she, who in her days of darkness and sorrow had never implored his aid, greets him with a tranquil smile and passes away.

You cannot doubt, my dear cousin [writes the Duchesse de Lude * shortly afterwards to the Princesse des Ursins] that having lived sixteen years with so estimable a woman as Madame de Maintenon, I am deeply moved by her death. You will recognize her disinterestedness by the fact that she possessed at her death only a sum of 16,000 francs, which was divided between Mesdames de Caylus and de Noailles. She had also about 12,000 francs' worth of silver, which also went between Mesdames de Caylus and de Noailles; the rest, as well as a red damask bed, went to Mademoiselle d'Aumale. As to her two estates, she had already settled them at her marriage on M. de Noailles.

Madame de Maintenon's correspondence, voluminous as it is, leaves us wholly in the dark as to her motives and conduct in relation to all the most important events of her life. We have ream upon ream about politics and St. Cyr, but as regards the Scarron marriage, the introduction to Madame de Montespan, the acquaintance with the king—as to what part she played in these turning-points in her career, we are without a syllable of information. In truth, personal reticence, and, above all, reticence of the heart, are from first to last the characteristics of Madame de Maintenon's correspondence. It is seldom that the vibration of a woman's heart is not somewhere or other perceptible in her letters. Through their "correspondence" mainly has the world become acquainted with women such as Mesdames de Lafayette, de Sévigné, Angélique Arnaud, de Lenclos, etc.—women whose hearts, let it be noticed, whether moved by human or religious emotion, were allowed to beat normally. That is the main point. With Françoise d'Aubigné, "prudence" having at the time of trust and enthusiasm reigned supreme, none of that spontaneous emanation of feeling which is the true "being" with the woman can be expected to spring forth even from her letters.

M. Geffroy's highly interesting publi-

* The Duchesse de Lude had been lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and consequently thrown much in the society of Madame de Maintenon. (Geffroy, vol. ii., p. 395.)

cation has shown us, therefore, new and loftier aspects in Madame de Maintenon's mind and soul; thanks to him, we see her now devoid of intrigue, and nobly given up to the cause of "education." Only once, the few lines Madame de Caylus writes on the days preceding the marriage, might lead one to see "she was but human after all." Still this statement is vague, and comes not from her own pen. Rather than conclude with Cousin, however, that Madame de Maintenon was heartless, we prefer to agree with Larochehoucauld, "qu'il n'y a qu'un amour," but that there may be divers ways of feeling it, and that in Françoise d'Aubigné's case the way was certainly determined secrecy, in speech and in writing—secrecy in life, and in death.

YETTA DE BURY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
GRASSE:

ITS PERFUMES AND PICTURES.

"GUEUSE PARFUMÉE," or scented slut, is the nickname given to Grasse by the most eminent of its bishops. Two centuries have passed since then, and Grasse, though no longer a "Gueuse," has still an undisputed right to the title of the scented.

It is comforting in these days of chemical surprises, when bright colors and exquisite flavors are extracted from the most repulsive substances, to know that the wares of the perfumer do still come from the flowers whose name they bear. A visit to Grasse must remove all doubt from the mind of the most sceptical. Flowers are the chief produce of the soil and the mainstay of the population. They are grown on every available patch of ground. Violets carpet the terraces under the olive-trees, while on other terraces grows the orange-tree. That "busy plant" keeps its owner as busy as the poet fancied it was itself, for the leaves have to be carefully syringed and wiped every now and again to keep it free from blight.

Out in the open country there are fields of jonquil, and of jessamine, and of the muscadine rose, that Rose of Provence, which excels all other roses in fragrance. But the rose and the jessamine lose much of their gracefulness in this field culture. No straggling sprays are allowed to wander at their own sweet will; they are all caught and pinned down, bent over in hoops close to the ground.

There is no scope left the flowers for wasting "their sweetness on the desert

air" in this region. Every whiff of scent has its money value, and all through the flowering season the stills of the seventy perfumers which the town can boast are busy extracting and bottling up this sweetness for the London and Paris markets. From earliest dawn picturesque figures, with huge discs of straw the size of cart-wheels on their heads, and skirts whose roseate hue makes the roses themselves look dingy, are picking away for bare life in the flower fields. Of the violet gatherers nothing is to be seen save the hats. They look like a row of targets set up for archery practice. It is only on closer inspection that you find a figure crouching on all fours picking hard behind the shelter of her headgear. As the flowers are picked they are carried in baskets into the town. The violets refuse to give up their scent, like the other flowers, to distillation. Slabs of slate set in wooden frames are spread thick with hog's lard to receive them. On this bed they are scattered, and the slates are then stacked one above the other like the shelves of a cabinet. The flowers must be renewed three times a day, all through the flowering season. By that time the lard is permeated with the scent which can then be withdrawn from it into spirit. The orange blossom is the chief source of wealth in the district. The season lasts a month, and during that time flower-picking is the business of life on the farms. So strong is the scent that it sometimes overpowers the pickers, and brings on prolonged fainting fits. The famous neroli is the concentrated essence of the orange flower. A kilogramme of blossom yields one gramme or a thousandth part of its weight in neroli, which is the chief ingredient in eau-de-Cologne. Sixty thousand francs' worth of neroli go to Cologne from Grasse yearly. To meet this demand two hundred thousand kilos of blossoms are used up. Much of the so-called attar of roses is made here also, and finds its way from Grasse to Paris *via* Constantinople, where it is transferred to the familiar gilt glass bottles that seem to certify its Eastern origin. The productions of Grasse are the *premières matières* or raw materials of perfume. They are much manipulated in Paris before they reach the public, and the favorite bouquets are really produced by a cunning mixture of the essences of many flowers. As the scent of flowers must be extracted where they grow, Grasse has a long lease of the monopoly of the perfume trade, which it has enjoyed ever since Catherine de'

Medici brought the taste for perfumes and poisons from her native Italy. This taste reached its height under Louis Quinze, when Versailles was known as the "Cour parfumée," and etiquette required that every one pretending to fashion must have a different scent every day. Scents were one of the great extravagances of the age, and it is stated that the Pompadour spent on perfumes five hundred thousand francs a year.

Grasse has other attractions to boast of besides the flowers and the scenery. In an old-fashioned house near the Cour there are some pictures which are well worth a pilgrimage to visit. These are some masterpieces of Fragonard, who was a native of Grasse. He went to Paris and studied under Chardin, Vanloo, and Boucher. With Boucher he soon became a favorite, because he could work fifteen hours a day without fatigue. Fragonard gained the Prix de Rome and set out to study the great masters. "If you take them seriously, you are done for," was Boucher's parting warning, and Fragonard acted upon it. He said that Raphael and Michael Angelo frightened him. So he went about a great deal, and saw a great deal of Italian life, but studied not at all. Thus he returned to Paris with his style unaltered. He was a Frenchman to the backbone, and threw himself heart and soul into all the pleasures of a frivolous age, that made the joys of life the chief end of existence. He gained admission to the Academy by one serious effort, which called forth a ponderous *éloge* from Diderot. But he found a shorter cut to fame by becoming the favored lover of the celebrated *danseuse* Guimard. This *Squelette des Graces*, so called because she was ugly, black, and thin, had all the *beau monde* of Paris sighing at her feet. From among them she singled out Fragonard. He painted her as the dancing Muse, for her new theatre, which she called the Temple of Terpsichore. The portrait gave her great delight, and she invited friends to a private view. Meanwhile the lovers had had a quarrel, and Fragonard, out of pique, had effaced the smile of the Muse, and replaced it by the head of a Fury, with a striking likeness to the original. It was this startling caricature that Guimard found herself facing when the doors were thrown open and the work of Fragonard revealed. Rage at the mortifying surprise made the likeness more striking, and the friends who came to admire could not restrain a laugh. The breach thus made was too wide to be healed, and the painter

was discarded. But it mattered little to him now, for he had become the fashion. No boudoir of the period was complete without some work from his brush. His pictures were eagerly competed for, and his prices were absurdly high. When he was at the zenith of his fame, the Dubarry commissioned from him the pictures now at Grasse, for the decoration of a salon in her château at Luciennes. Fragonard painted them when on a visit to his native town. There are four large canvases to cover the walls and smaller pieces to put over the doors. The theme, as usual, is love. They set forth the four stages of a romance, said to be taken from the life of Louis Quinze. The figures are set in a garden scene, with the picturesque adjuncts of fountains and balustrades. The coloring is bright, the figures very graceful, and the execution full of freedom and vigor. The storm of the Revolution burst before the pictures were sent home, and they still hang in the house where they were painted, and from which they have never been removed. Thus the "ill wind" that destroyed art treasures all over France was the means of preserving those of Grasse.

Other pictures there are in the town, too, which, though of small merit in point of art, are dear to all lovers of letters from having been painted under the very eyes of Goethe, when a boy in his father's house at Frankfort. The French occupation of Frankfort made a great impression on the poet's mind. It was his first glimpse of the world outside his quiet German home, and the vivid picture he has drawn oft bears the stamp of truth in its sharply touched-in lines. The free imperial city was accustomed to the sight of soldiers passing through to the seat of war. But on New Year's day, 1759, it was surprised by the arrival of a French army, which did not pass through but coolly planted itself in the town by means of billeting itself on the citizens. Goethe's father had just finished his new and handsome house, and to his extreme disgust the French singled it out as the headquarters of the king's lieutenant. This dignity had to keep the peace between the soldiers and the citizens, and decide all quarrels between them. Then began stirring times for the children of the house; the constant coming and going of both parties kept their home buzzing like a beehive. The relations between the master of the house and his distinguished guest were very strained. Their father, though he spoke French well, hated the nation,

and he would hold no communication with the intruder except through an interpreter, and the whole household were kept on tenter-hooks to avert the flare-up which they felt would come from a personal encounter with the count. Their mother took a different line. Her policy was one of conciliation. In mature middle age she learnt French that she might talk to the count in his own language. As for the children, they gathered a daily harvest of dainties from the count's dessert. If they could escape their father's eye they devoured these in safety, all except the ices which the anxious mother intercepted. Such things had never been seen in simple Frankfort before, and she felt sure that no human stomach could digest them. The count himself was an interesting study for young Goethe. He was a tall, dark, dignified man, more like a Spaniard than a Frenchman, giving a witty turn to his decisions in the quarrels daily brought before him, and yet subject to fits of gloom during which he would see no one, and which gave occasion to endless surmises. A whisper ran that a dark deed done in a moment of passion had marred his whole life and prospects. This dark mysterious Count de Thoranne was a great lover of art. He found painting was cheap at Frankfort, and he resolved to have pictures painted for the walls of the family mansion at Grasse, sent home for the measurements of the walls, and then set the best artists in Frankfort to work upon the canvas. A room in the house was set aside for the artists. There they painted busily, and Goethe and the count seemed to have passed most of their time there too in looking on. Each of these artists had his specialty. One excelled in Dutch work and could do fruit and flowers to perfection. The forte of another was sunny Rhine scenery. A third went in for Rembrandt effects, and gloried in Resurrection miracles and flaming villages and mills. Seekatz, the most eminent among them, shone in rural life. His old people and children were lifelike, because they were done from life, but his young men were far too thin, and his young women just as much too fat. The reason of this was that his wife, who was stout and middle aged, insisted on sitting as his model. When the count found out the special gift of each artist, the bright idea struck him that the pictures would be vastly improved if each one painted in them what he could do best. So he had cattle painted into a landscape finished by another hand. A third was employed to put in sheep, which he did so

lavishly that the flock flowed over the edge. The figure-painter was then told to add some travellers and a few shepherds; thus the piece became so crowded with living objects that they seemed to be choking for want of air even in the open country. This led to deadly quarrels among the painters, as each one accused the others of spoiling his work. At length this strange patchwork was finished and sent home to Grasse, where it still decorates one of the large, old-fashioned houses on the Place des Aires in the centre of the town.

Near this historic house there is another which contains a salon decorated and furnished in the best taste of the style of Louis Quinze. This was the boudoir of Louise, Marquise de Cabris, one of that strange family of Mirabeau who gave the world so much to talk about. In this satin lined nest perhaps she was surprised by the sudden visit of her scapegrace brother Honoré. He found the dulness of Manosque, whither he had been consigned by *lettre de cachet*, so intolerable, that he came down to Grasse to seek a little excitement. In a few days the whole town was in a ferment, and the brother and sister found themselves credited with an outrage on public decency of which, for once, they were guiltless. A libel on the ladies of Grasse placarded the walls. A gentleman of the neighborhood, M. de Mouans, openly said what every one thought, that this was the work of the dare-devil Mirabeaus. In revenge for this Mirabeau fell upon him, when he met him unprotected on the road, and beat him nearly to death, with his sister looking on. A lawsuit followed in which many scandals came out; it was found that the Marquis de Cabris and not his wife was the author of the squibs which had raised this storm in a teacup, whose consequences were to be wider than any of those concerned in it could imagine. For it was for his share in this affair that the nobles turned their backs on Mirabeau when he tried to secure their votes at Aix. This drove him to open the clothshop which qualified him as a deputy of the Tiers Etat, and made him the mouthpiece of the Revolution. On the same Place des Aires there stood formerly the palace of a queen, who held a front place in the history of her time. Queen Jeanne of Naples came to Grasse to avoid the revengers of her first husband, of whose death she was openly accused. In Provence she made herself popular, scattering her bounties with a lavish hand, gave a water conduit to one commune and a charter to another, freed

one district from the tyranny of bandits and another from the tyranny of bishops, and conferred on the peasants of the Esterel the freedom of their forest. A fragment of the kitchen stair is all that is left to show that this fascinating woman for whom the troubadours sang and Giotto painted, the queen who won the adoration of Petrarch, the pupil of Boccaccio, and the bugbear of St. Catherine of Siena, once held her court in Grasse.

We must not leave Grasse without recalling the memory of Antoine Godeau, the greatest of her bishops. Godeau was drawn from the depths of provincial life by Conrart, who brought him to Paris to that literary gathering in his house in the Rue St. Martin which was denounced to Richelieu as a secret society. The cardinal took away its secrecy, and gave it importance by conferring on it the royal approval. He thus founded the Academy. Godeau was the darling of the Hôtel Rambouillet, where he was known as the "nain de Mademoiselle Julie." His prose was the model of style. The highest praise that could be given to literary work was to call it "du Godeau." He took orders at the mature age of thirty-five, in hope of preferment, and the cardinal gave him the see of Grasse. For a short time it was united with Vence, but this union was so unpopular that Godeau resigned Grasse, and ended his days at Vence. Here he died from a fit of apoplexy as he was singing the "Tenebræ" before the altar in Passion Week.

Apart from association, Grasse has natural charms that win every heart. The climate and the scenery are both superb. But for the bigotry of one of the natives Grasse would long have held the place of Cannes as a winter resort. Lord Brougham would have settled here, but was refused the property he wished to buy on the grotesque ground that he was a Protestant. He went on to Cannes, and became a pillar of the Church in the colony which he there founded. The great variety of walks and drives round Grasse prevents life from being monotonous. Antibes, with Vauban's fort, Vence with its Roman remains, Gourdon perched high on its rocky pinnacle above the Loup where the caves and clefts still echo the groans of hunted Huguenots, Tourette the stronghold of the Saracens, its rocky platform literally covered with aloes, are all within easy range, and offer tempting subjects for canvas or camera; while the geologist and botanist may find at every step rare treasures to serve as mementoes of their rambles in this sunny land of flowers.

From The Standard.

THE BEE AND THE WASP.

It is undeniable that the bee occupies a far higher position in the regard of man than does the wasp. The bee is held up as an example to the young for its strict attention to business, its forethought, and prudence. It has been made the object of much study; its habits and manners have been watched in hives specially constructed; and the behavior of the bees towards their queen and towards each other have been as minutely investigated and described, and are, indeed, almost as well known as are the customs of the ancient Greeks or Romans. The wasp, on the other hand, is regarded with absolute hostility. He is viewed as an idler, as an irritable and hot-tempered creature, with no fixed aims and ends, prone to unprovoked assaults, a disturber of picnics, an intruder in the domestic circle—a creature, in fact, to be promptly and summarily put to death if opportunity offers itself. This hasty and unjust conclusion is, in fact, the result of man's natural selfishness. He does not really admire the bee because the bee stores up food for its winter use, but because he is able to plunder that store, and to make it available for his own purposes. The squirrel, the field mouse, and many other creatures lay up stores for winter; but, as man is not particularly fond of dried nuts or shrivelled grain, he does not consider it necessary to profess any extreme admiration for the forethought of these creatures. The wasp is perfectly capable of storing up honey for its winter use, did it see the slightest occasion for doing so; but the wasp is not a fool. It knows perfectly well that its life is a short one; that it will die when the winter season approaches. Its instinct doubtless teaches it that only a few of the autumn-born females will survive to create new colonies in the spring, and that as these females will pass the winter in a dormant state in some snug recess beyond the reach of frost, there is no occasion whatever to prepare stores of food for their use. Did the wasp endeavor to emulate the bee, and store its cells with honey, it would rightly be held up to derision as an idiot, as the only creature who imitates the folly of man in continuing to work until the last to pile up riches for others to enjoy after his death. If it is admirable for the bee, who lives through the winter, to collect stores for his use during that time, it is no less admirable in the wasp, who dies before the winter, to avoid the absurd and ridiculous habit of collecting stores which it cannot use.

In all other respects the wasp is the equal, if not the superior of the bee. The latter is content to make its home in any place that comes to hand. If a hive should not be forthcoming, the bees will establish themselves in a hollow tree, in a chimney, or in the roof of a house, and then and there begin to build their combs and prepare for the reception of brood and honey. The wasp, on the other hand, more industriously sets to to build its own house, walls and all, and the labor required for such an undertaking is enormous. Wood, the material it uses, is obtained by gnawing posts, gates, rails, or other timber that has lost its sap. This is chewed up by the wasp's strong jaws into a paste and spread out with its tongue in layers finer than tissue paper. Layer after layer is spread, until the house is made rain and weather tight, a model of symmetry, a marvellous example of the result of patient and persevering labor, a white palace, by the side of which anything the bee can do is but poor workmanship. The arrangement inside the structure is at least equal to that which the bee can accomplish in the most perfectly constructed hive. The cells are as regular and as carefully arranged, and it is kept with the same scrupulous care and cleanliness. It is not necessary for the wasp to collect honey and pollen for the use of its brood, for these are fed upon insects, the juicy caterpillar and the plump body of the bluebottle being the morsels which they mostly affect. In the capture of its prey for the use of its young the wasp works as assiduously as does the owl to gather in field mice for the sustenance of its offspring; and each capture, after being carried to the nest, is stowed away in the cell with the egg, until it is full, and the entrance is then securely sealed. The queen wasp is in point of activity, energy, and intelligence far ahead of the queen bee. As soon as the latter leaves her cell, a perfect insect, she is waited upon by a crowd of workers, who provide her with food, attend her every movement, and forestall her every wish, and her functions are confined solely to the laying of her eggs. The queen wasp, on the contrary, is the founder as well as the mother of her colony. When she wakes up from her lethargy in the spring, she sallies out to find a suitable spot for her future kingdom. Having fixed upon it, she proceeds to build her cells unaided. She has to feed herself while engaged on this labor, and when a certain number of cells are completed she has then to store them with food sufficient to support the young until, their sec-

ond stage completed, they are ready to issue out and to take their share in the work. Even when she has an army of children, she continues to set them an example of labor and perseverance, supervising the operations and working diligently and continuously herself. She is the life and soul of her community, and, if by any accident she dies before the other females, which are hatched late in the season, appear, the community is entirely disorganized, the neuters cease from their labors, and the whole colony perishes. Nature, too, has done much more for the bee than for the wasp, for the former naturally secretes the wax from which it forms its cells, while the wasp has no such faculty, and has to construct its cells as well as its house from the paper it manufactures.

The wasp is as fond of sweets as is the bee, and while a portion of the community are engaged upon the work of collecting materials, manufacturing paper, and building, the others collect sweets from flowers or fruit. Having filled themselves with these, they return home, and on entering the hive mount to the upper cells, and there disgorge the contents of their honey-bags for the benefit of the workers. The bee is industrious, it may be admitted, but he is industrious in a quiet and methodical way. There is no hurry about the bee, and any one who watches him at work will be inclined to admit that he does a good deal of pottering about. The wasp has no time for this sort of thing; he knows how much there is to be done, and that there is not a single moment to be wasted. The queen is laying her eggs; there are the materials for the houses to be collected, ground up into paste, and spread; there is food for the grubs to be gathered and supplies for the builders to be brought in.

The work has got to be done, and there is no time to be fooling about. There is, then, no reason whatever for surprise, and still less for blame, that when the wasp is interrupted in its work it loses its temper at once. It is angry when, having entered at an open window and gathered from a jam-pot, a dish, or jug — for the wasp is not particular — a supply of food, it finds that its way back to its hungry friends is barred by a strange, smooth obstacle, through which it cannot pass. Many men know to their cost how small a thing rouses the temper of a woman engaged in the arduous operations of washing or cooking, and are careful in avoiding the neighborhood of the wash-house or kitchen upon these occasions; and yet they make no allowance whatever for similar irritation on the part of the busy wasp. Again, blame is imputed to the wasp because it takes offence if it is flapped at with a handkerchief or hat; but surely there is nothing surprising in this. Men take offence at practical jokes, especially practical jokes of a dangerous kind; and the wasp naturally regards these wanton attacks upon it, when actively engaged in the business of the community, as dangerous impertinences, and is not to be blamed for resenting them. The more one examines into the habits of the bee and the wasp respectively, the more one is convinced that the high esteem in which the former is held by man is simply the result of man's love for honey, and that the balance of superiority is wholly upon the side of the wasp, who is a more energetic, a more vivacious, a more industrious, and a more intelligent insect than the bee, and should on all these accounts occupy a far higher place in man's esteem and regard than it actually possesses at present.

A FATAL RESULT OF BAPTISM BY IMMERSION. — A most distressing occurrence is reported in a German medical journal. A young woman who was a candidate for baptism by immersion amongst the Baptists, after undressing to her chemise and stockings in the vestry, put on a cotton wrapper and came into the chapel to be baptized. She was completely immersed in the baptistry, which was filled with rain-water at a temperature of about forty degrees Fahr., the ceremony not lasting above a minute. After this she walked back into the vestry, but immediately became unconscious, and, notwithstanding all possible efforts being made to resuscitate her, succumbed. The post-mortem examination revealed that there

was cardiac disease. As, however, there was no doubt that the immersion was the determining cause of death, the unfortunate minister who performed the ceremony was at first sentenced to a week's imprisonment. This was, however, ultimately remitted. The neighboring Baptist congregations have, it is said, taken warning by the case, and have arranged to have the water for immersion always warmed in future, as is, we believe, the custom in this country. Another suggestion naturally arises from such an occurrence as the above — namely, that persons suspected of heart disease should have the benefit of a medical examination before being submitted to the rite of immersion.

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